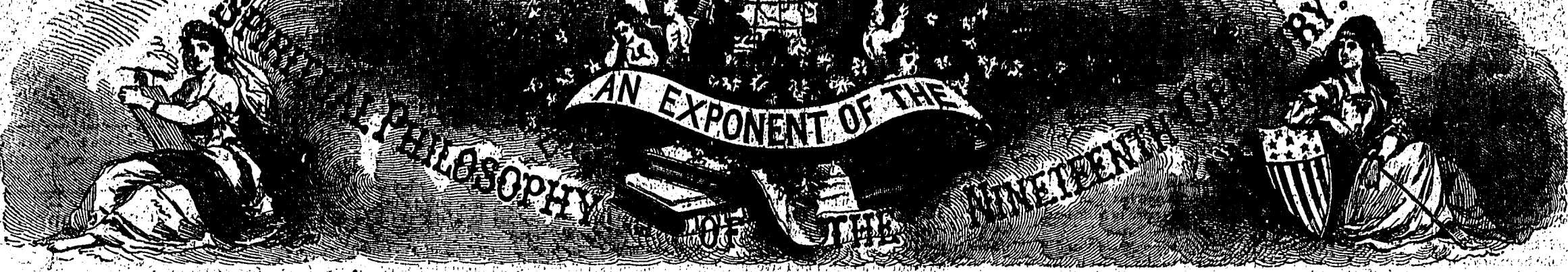


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The Spiritual Rostrum.

Spiritualism a Science, a Philosophy, and a Religion.

A Lecture Delivered Before the First Spiritualist Society in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Sunday Morning, Feb. 24th, 1889, by
HON. SIDNEY DEAN.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

THE comprehensive statement of Spiritualism is: man has continuity of life, and that life is without end; his spiritual nature (which includes his reasoning powers, his intelligence and his soul, or emotional nature) constitutes an entity, a personality, an individuality; and this ego, being spiritual, exists in its own realm, governed by the laws of that realm; that this realm may include all the other spaces in the vast universe of the everlasting First Cause, and includes the whole environment of this earth, material and spiritual; that spirits who have shed the mortal, and have entered upon their de-carated existence, may, can, to return to earth, and convincingly manifest themselves to their fellow beings yet in the mortal; but that all the universe of the First Cause, being subject to law, applicable to its various natures and departments, the realm of spirit, the social union of de-carated spirits, and their return to earth for manifestation, must also be under law, or by or through laws which we in the mortal may or may not comprehend.

I think that the general principles of what is now known as Modern Spiritualism have been fairly and correctly stated, though in greatly condensed form. Now what fundamental rule, or law of life, does this broad faith antagonize? Is it in conflict with science—what you really mean by the term? Pure science is defined by lexicographers to be a knowledge of causes, powers and laws. There is not a shred of faith in it; it inheres in the intellect and the perceptions, and is not allied to wish or hope or expectation, or what the world calls faith.

Applied science is defined as a knowledge of facts, events or phenomena, as explained, accounted for or produced by means of causes, powers and laws. This is a mental process, purely, and only by inquiry and investigation can these laws, powers and causes be determined.

The ancients enumerated seven sciences, but that was before the progress of the race had opened the brain of the world, or even the phenomenal world itself to the brain of man. Pope said satirically:

"Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven."

Spiritualism has been defined to be "the despair of science," but is it? When science applies its laws of investigation into causes, starting from fact or phenomena, does it not always lose its tracings in some mysterious realm, or law of the Absolute or First Cause? That is to say, if science finds a fixed limit to its investigations, is Spiritualism scientifically untrue or false, because it treats with airy feet within the domain of the invisible, and gets nearer the fountain of life and law than a pure material or earthly science ever did or can? Scientists should accept the proven fact and follow the phenomena tirelessly, until the law of the fact or the phenomena has been disclosed, formulated and forever settled.

The domain of science should never know "despair." Scientists are bound by every sense and faculty of manhood, honor and courage inclined, to accept every fact, every phenomenon, every claim, and to trace the law of such fact, phenomenon and claim to its ultimate. If science is dealing with matter and its laws, fairly seeking their source, and finds itself face to face with the great mysterious, creative unknown of material worlds, it can rest there if it will.

But no progressive scientist will thus rest; returning to his starting-point, he will trace qualities in nature, harmonies of adjustment, purposes in the movement of subtle forces, all moving upward or forward by a seeming law, and he will almost inevitably logically deduce natural attributes in his discovered great unknown. He will discover by a syllogistic formula as convincing as fate to his own mind, that this unknown, this creative First Cause, must be all-powerful, all-wise, all-discriminating—in a word must possess all the natural attributes which man finds reproduced in a subordinate degree in himself.

The pure scientist must do violence to himself and his investigations, if he loses himself and his work in a godless atheism.

But the true scientist will not stop at the close of his investigations of matter and its laws, and pronounce all his work accomplished. There are laws and phenomena of spirit, and he must investigate them. There are laws of life, mysterious life, phenomenal life, and he must follow them as in pure matter to their known ultimate, or to the great mystery from whence all life proceeds. Neither the bigot nor the coward has place in the ranks of pure and honest scientists. Here, in my person, is a fact, a phenomenon, a force. I will to raise my arm, and matter rises obedient to my will. I will to speak, and all the subtle and delicate machinery of my vocal organs is, in an instant, adjusted and at work, pouring forth words, the embodiment of thoughts, reasonings, appeal, denunciation, expostulation or entreaty. In an hour this body may be torn, and the arm cold, stiff, unresponsive; the vocal organs silent forevermore. In a week decay manifests itself, and we bury the thing out of human sight. In a twelvemonth the finely modeled structure is disintegrated; in a little longer time it is dust; yet a little longer, and it becomes portions of other material organisms.

This is not alone a succession of facts pertaining to

a single organism. They have passed from the region of the phenomenal to the more solid plane of fact by the experience of all the race. The power or life is going out of bodies all around us without cessation, as it soon will go out of your physical organism and mine.

What is this power, Mr. Scientist? What are its laws of being and action? From whence did it spring, and whither goeth it when it leaves the material? Science sweeps the spiritual realm of life, with its investigations, as it does the material. Both alike are its workshop. It has the fact, the single fact, if you will, like an atom, a monad, in the material, or numberless connective facts, as the basis of its investigations.

Proceed, science! Unroll the parchments of life! Trace the laws of this mysterious principle, power, force, essence, intelligence, emotion, will, choice, personality or ego! Trace them until lost at the point where you lost yourself in the mysterious infinite. Return upon your course as you did in the investigation of matter, and find other attributes—spiritual attributes, moral forces—in the infinite first Creative Cause. You must be honest, consistent, reasonable. You cannot accept the one and reject the other. You cannot take matter to your bosom and shut your ears to the cry which proceeds from the lips of matter, thus cradled upon your heart. The ego would soon become repulsive to you but for the life within, which sends forth its cry. If you investigate the one you must investigate the other. That investigation will disclose the laws of spiritual life, the personality of life, the growth or decay of the powers of such life, and all the so-called phenomena, or possible phenomena, of spirit existence, action and manifestation.

Is Spiritualism, then, a science? Yes, it is the science of all sciences; for all known science must be tributary to it directly or indirectly. It is the science of spiritual life, embracing all known powers of the frontal, moral, and religious world, both within and without the man. The true scientist need never despair in its investigation, but should, like that eminent and courageous disciple of science, Prof. Elliot Coues, of the Smithsonian Institute, possess the courage of his convictions, and boldly announce, as he did, that Spiritualism "is substantially true, as alleged."

Spiritualism the despair of science! Why, it opens the avenues of harmony, unity, beauty and glory in the universe of the creating God, in which the highest seraph in celestial spheres would delight to tread, and in which the de-carated scientists of earth have entered and are entering, filled with wonder at the majesty of spiritual creations, at the harmonious adjustments of being and states of being, with their laws, and at the infinite possibilities which lie beyond, even the utmost perception of the finite mind.

Spiritualism is ever within the province of law. The domain of the law is the home of true science; ergo, Spiritualism is a science, or scientific in its basis and formula as in its facts and phenomena.

Is Spiritualism a philosophy? Most assuredly. What is philosophy? Now to the books again for half definition: It is the love of, or search after, wisdom. In actual use, it is the knowledge of phenomena, as explained by and resolved into causes and reasons, powers and laws. Philosophers have been, and are, multitudinous. Among the ancients were Zeno, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, all flourishing from three to five hundred years before Christ, and many others, each having his distinctive system of philosophy. Jesus of Nazareth dominated all the others, in that his philosophic system was more spiritual, elevating, purifying and ennobling to the spiritual nature of man. The philosophy of the Nazarene also brings man into immediate relations with the First Cause, discloses the nature of those relations, and introduces the paternal relation of creating cause on the spiritual side of man's nature. It covers, also, man's social relations, creates a brotherhood of the race without distinction of color, caste or condition in earth-life, and teaches, also, the subordination of material appetites and passions to the higher demands of the spiritual.

As a system of philosophy, it is surmounted, bulwarked and interpreted with law. Its processes and effects can be traced through its laws. The true philosopher must occupy a high mental, moral and spiritual attitude if he would obtain a correct knowledge of himself as a spiritual ego. It is because the Christian philosophy is based upon the fatherhood of the Infinite Creator, and the brotherhood of man, upon the continuity of man's existence, and a moral purity and cleanliness, which alone can work a true elevation and lasting happiness in the child, that it has outlived all other philosophies and dominated the intelligent world.

But this philosophy of the Nazarene has been handicapped by creeds, systems of divinity so-called, and by men who evidently did not understand its unity, harmony or scope. These have thus marred the marvelous, unnatural and mysterious into it, creating manifest imperfections, which the true philosopher discerns and rejects. As a whole, as a concrete or a unit, stripped of its unnatural loading, it convinces the reason, and stirs the profoundest depths of the spiritual nature of man. As added to, distorted, eliminated and "doctored" by monk, priest, council, and sectarian conclave, its harmony and beauty have been disturbed and tarnished, and its creedist disciples in every age since its propounding have resolved themselves into jarring acts, each ostracizing the other; while some, assuming more than others, have boldly unchurched the majority, and cast them beyond the pale both of the covenant and uncovenanted mercies of the All-Father. They do this, have done it, will continue to do it, in defiance of that fundamental law in the social philosophy of the Nazarene brother which says "Judge not," and which finds itself voiced in that universal law written in man's nature, that no one man has a right to an opinion or belief that all others do not possess as a birthright, and that the acknowledgment of the right of one is, *pari passu*, the acknowledgment of the rights of all.

The true philosopher of the moral and spiritual realms eliminates all these excrecences, these mysticisms and mysticisms, which are made to play their part in impressing the Ignorant, and leaves the pure philosophy of the Nazarene to stand crowned as the superlative, the best of all past philosophies. But alas! for creeds, and again, alas! for a denouncing orthodoxy!

But is Spiritualism, then, a philosophy? We say, Most assuredly it is; it takes hold of the very fundamentals of the Nazarene's teachings, and under the superior light, knowledge and revelations of to-day moves forward as God is moving, in the disclosure of laws, powers and processes. It asks the philosopher to stand in the very front of its investigations. It shows continuity of human life, as taught by the Nazarene to be a fact, and not a faith; it shows that spirit is superior to matter; that spirit dominates matter; that not only emotion, but pure intelligence, survives the grave, and undisturbed by the rupture of its material relations; the spirit of man continues, under its laws, to grow, acquire and expand; it discovers and acknowledges the true standard of character for both existences, and gives hand, welcome and greeting to those who, though de-carated, have learned the law of return, and with noiseless tread enter into our lives,

and leave the sweet, perfumed kiss of unity and love upon our souls.

There is room for the philosophers in their advance from the old dogmas and creeds of the world; and they are most welcome. The cool and unimpassioned scientist, and the clear-headed, logical philosopher, have in Spiritualism both room and work; and right royally are some of each class carrying forward their work and brushing away life cobwebbed dogmas and speculative creeds which hide the harmonious laws of life, material and spiritual, from the minds of honest but untrained investigators. It means the opening of doors long shut; it means the fulfillment of the prophetic statement of our Nazarene brother, "and the truth shall make you free."

But there is still another department to be considered. Is Spiritualism a religion? If it is not a religion, it becomes a mere plaything of philosophic science, and is of no practical utility to immortal man. What is religion? What do we mean by the term? We do not mean creed or church, theology or ordinance, sacrament or ordination, or any outward paraphernalia of worship. Religion can actively exist in the human soul without either. It is a personal matter, involving man's moral sense; his spiritual acknowledgment of subordination to the First Cause, or All-Father, as revealed to him. The books say that it embraces a devout recognition of the authority of God, and an earnest desire and effort to comprehend and obey his laws however revealed, as applied to man and his relationship. The empire of science and philosophy is the mind, the reasoning forces of the intellect; the empire of religion is the soul, the domain of the emotions, the choice and the will.

Religion deals with the moral right or wrong of thoughts, purposes and actions, as determined by a pure moral standard, and glows in the emotions when the nature is devout and loyal to the All-Father and his laws.

In the book recognized as authority among all Christian sects, and in that particular manuscript which, by its spirit and the tone of its teachings, shows its reputed author to have been one of the best mediums of the twelve who became apostles of the Nazarene, and who wrote concerning his philosophy, a clear definition of religion is given. It is presented in its outward form and effects, and voices the nature of the inward religious spirit: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Religion, according to this definition, is a "himself" matter—personal, interior, dwelling in and moving the soul-nature, and finding manifestation in a pure, unselfish, benevolent and helpful outward life.

Is Spiritualism, then, a religion, as thus defined? Yes, verily, it acknowledges all revelations from God as truth, and as authority. It scrutinizes all that claims to be a revelation, brings it to the bar of its reason and intelligence—because for this purpose we are endowed with reason—and if the revelation is in harmony with known law, if it does not contravene law, if it is in harmony with all preceding true revelations in nature and in human progress under law, if it meets approval by the sixth, or soul-sense, if it will elevate or ennoble the spiritual in man, leading him to greater purity of heart and life; if it bridges the chasm of earth's constantly opening graves, and discloses the life beyond with its laws and relationships, then it bears brighter marks of intelligent revelation than those recorded as given by medium, prophet, disciple or apostle, and is accepted. It must, however, be as scientifically and as philosophically accurate as any fact, or law, or revelation, within the scope or purview of those great departments of human investigation and knowledge.

Spiritualism will win its place over the hearts of men in the world of the future, more from its religious than from its scientific or philosophical side. It is preeminently a heart-religion. It gathers up all the pure love-forces of a human life, finds them unsevered by the partings which material death creates, and, like a magnet, the soul is drawn to the communion of the unseen and the eternal, and the unseen of the mortal responds.

He whose vision in the olden time saw the beautiful spirit clime where the pure dwell, saw the de-carated myriads dwelling under the glowing skies of a spirit globe, surrounded by influences and avenues of activity which won their loving service, saw the blending of the two spheres of human existence, and comprehended, in part at least, the mission of the spiritual to the mortal; thus wrote of the spirit brotherhood of heaven: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Mark the phraseology, the tense of the sentence: "Are now heirs of salvation, but 'shall be.' It is the visitation and the ministering of the emanated to those yet in the chains of mortality. How can they thus minister to our needs except they be near us, by our side, within the orbit of our lives?"

This, the philosophy of the Nazarene inculcates; this, the religion a pure Spiritualism incorporates. It is the intensity of this proven fact, the reasonableness of the All-Father's design, the law and the fact which discloses the law, which make Spiritualism what it is destined to be—a universal, all-conquering religion in the hearts of men.

Why will not the Christian church accept the harmonious truth as thus set forth in their own acknowledged scriptures? Why will the dogmatist create a chasm in the Christian philosophy, and relegate into a useless mystery that, the absence of which so profoundly shakes the faith of Christendom in its own imperfect creeds? Who can tell the power of a creed over the mind and heart until he has fought its errors to their ultimate and emancipated himself?

How the serving or ministering law of the whole known universe is strengthened by the revelation of the service of pure, de-carated souls! Deity serves man—may, he serves all his universe. Doubt, if you will, but if this service was withdrawn, where would life be on this and all planets, or in the spirit-spheres of whole planetary systems? Should he cease to serve in natural providence, the providence of natural law, how quickly would the stalls of the cattle upon a thousand hills be emptied, the song of the birds cease, vegetation pause on the road to blossoming and fruitage, the sea and the atmosphere become loaded with the burdens of death, and this round globe become an almost infinite charnel-house of loathsome ones! No, Deity serves, his loyal children serve, whether on mortal or immortal shores. It is the law, and the great law-maker is no law-breaker. We welcome these servants, these fellow-servants with us, in supplying the heart-needs, as well as the physical needs of humanity, John, the revelator, or seer, says that in his trance he saw a being so glorious in nature, so helpful in explaining and disclosing the law and the providence of the spirit realms, that he, John, supposed him to be some high evangel of the Infinite, and fell down at his feet to worship him. And this is the answer to the attempted act of adoration, as it fell from the lips of purity and love; "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and

of them who keep the sayings of this book—worship God!"

The angel was earth-born, and had passed the gates of death to serve in life celestial.

And where is to be found a license for the exercise of wild and untamed human passions—a covering for willful violation of acknowledged law, and a sudden redemption from a brutalized and besotted life in this religion? It teaches the natural, reasonable law of continuity of life—not some other or strange life, but the personal, conscious life of the individual, which began at the womb and cradle of earth: That life, as lived, will be taken up, and move onward under the new environment. The filthy will be filthy still, for there is no purifying power in the chill waters of death. The hell of the earth-sphere will bear witness of the brutalizing effects of a vicious life on earth. The man may be swung from a gallows of earth because the spirit of murder in his heart culminated in the physical act, but he will not swing into a pure, personal condition of love, loyalty and pure religious life in the spiritual realms. He is deceived if he thinks or believes so. He must take his tuition of sorrow, repentance, pain of spirit; he must bend his brutal will; he must take hold, in penitence, of the hem of the garments of the serving sons and daughters of God, if he is ever led up to the redemption of his nature and life. Every law, every revelation, every disclosure of the high spiritual realms of light teaches purity of heart and life. Where, then, is the force of the covert sneer of my so-called Orthodox brother, that Spiritualism, in its teachings, gives a free rein to the passions and tends to moral degradation? In its teachings the law abides; it is never abrogated, never dethroned. It environs man forever. It sweeps over his whole existence, from the cradle onward, down the illimitable ages. No defiance of its precepts or its penalties can change it or abrogate its authority; no act of faith on the part of the subject can overthrow or annihilate its force.

Who welcomes the new revelation, the continuous revelation of the All-Father to his children? The broadening of man's knowledge of himself, and of his future? Who greets, with a warm and loving heart, the fellow-servants of his life, one of whom, John, in his trance, saw and conversed with? Who is jubilant of heart over the All-Father's great disclosures in this mid-age of the world, and who is filled with gratitude because the veil has been parted, and the stricken souls of earth find their prayers answered, and "feel the touch of a vanished hand and hear the sound of a voice that is still"? Not the cold, stony-hearted, whose eyes were never moistened by affliction; nor the greedy worldling, ever intent upon his material accumulations; nor the heart with hungry intent upon a surfeit of popular applause, which, in an hour, is often changed into popular cursings; not the creedist, whose theological sepulchre is to him symmetrically bulged, and he will not have it disturbed, though you offer him a diamond of truth to place as its foundation; not the atheist, because he cannot, through his five material senses, make of Deity a material fact, nor the deist who revolves in the narrow orbit of material law; no, none of these will accept the new, sweet, harmonious revelation of spiritual law and spiritual converse with the unseen loved.

To the childlike and pure, to the grief-stricken and sorrowful, to those walking silently and tenderly among the graves of their dead, to those whose love clings with the tenacity of life itself to friends who, in bidding adieu, left an empty, aching heart behind them, to the whole race of sensitive hearts continually passing under the baptism of sorrow to the gate of their release and crowning—to these is this gospel of life sent, and to them, their descendants and sorrowful successors, will this gospel of continuous life and spirit-union and helpfulness be ever welcome.

Come, then, ye glorious messengers of the All-Father's love and service. We give you hall and welcome! Your service shall be to our hearts a benediction of strength and comfort. Your influence shall be like a sweet perfume in our lives, and like the dew upon Hermon and upon the mountains of Zion of old. You shall refresh us with the spiritual blessing of your Father and our Father, which is included in the "even life forevermore."

For the Banner of Light.

AT THE CROSSING.

BY MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM.

Through losses, toils and trials day by day,
The path of human life runs on its way;
Under the clouds or in the glaring light,
Still are you guided by a presence bright,
And unseen angels hover round you here,
To bring you strength and charm away your fear.

When clouds are thick and dark above your head,
And when hope seems from out your pathway fled,
'Tis hard to feel through all your weary pains
God's tender love still for your heart remains;
'Tis hard to feel assured along your way
You are not left alone to toll and pray.

But by-and-by, as down the hill of life
The days pass one by one with changes rife,
You reach a river running swift along,
And find its current rapid, deep and strong;
And when you reach it in the twilight gray,
Perhaps your heart may shrink with sad dismay.

But peace will come from God's undying love,
And lo! when clouds are thick and dark above,
They shall be scattered, and the mists shall rise
And melt into the azure of the skies;
Nor shall you cross alone the billows' roar,
But angels shall attend you to the shore.

You ask amid the trials of these years,
Where hearts are oft baptized with bitter tears,
Oh, who will meet me when this life is o'er?
What friend will guide me to the further shore?
Look back along the pathway you have trod,
And count the treasures given by your God!

You see the loved ones of the vanished past,
The faces dear, too beautiful to last;
The little children taken ere their trust,
Like broken blossoms, trampled within the dust;
These are the friends, companions of your heart,
Who come to guide you when from earth you part.
Yes, At The Crossing all the dear ones wait;
They smile and beckon at the pearly gate,
And say, "Be strong, fear not the flowing tide,
We safe will guide you to the further side."
Be true, and come to us who wait you there,
Where growth is gladness, and where thought is prayer.

"And now, children," remarked the Sunday school superintendent, "what happened to these wicked people who reviled Noah and refused to heed his warning? Where did they find themselves when the flood came?" "In de soup!" exclaimed a class of newboys on the back seat with one voice.

Literary Department.

LINWOOD THE MYSTICAL; A STORY OF SUBTLE FORCES.

BY MRS. J. S. ADAMS,
Author of "Dawn," "Allegories of Life," "Branches of Palm," etc.

IN TWO PARTS—PART FIRST.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

On a broad piazza of a fine suburban residence two gentlemen sat conversing. Edward Vaughn, the owner, had just welcomed his friend, Alfred Waters, from Europe, to his home, and bade him remain as long as possible and agreeable.

The former was a man of refined and quiet tastes, his love of nature dominating all his being; while his friend was fond of change and travel, never quite ready to settle down to domestic life.

It was the wish of Mr. Vaughn that a sojourn in his house might influence his guest and create in him a love of home. They had been silently enjoying the scene for a time, when his guest remarked:

"What a lovely dwelling just beyond your grounds. Whom have you for a neighbor?"

"The poorest man I ever met," answered Mr. Vaughn.

"Poor? How can he live in such an elegant house?"

"Poor in spirit. He possesses over five million dollars, yet imagines himself in want, or nearing it."

"Has he any family?"

"Three sons, whom he has driven from home by his dull, parsimonious life. Only his housekeeper remains with him, his wife having died several years ago."

"Millions, and yet in want! he is poor indeed!"

"Yes; the poorest of mortals; he gives to no cause; has no interest in the great questions of life; sees no one. His is simply a vegetable existence, one I fear that will not end with physical dissolution."

"Why? I always supposed death changed a person instantly."

"Nothing can be further from the truth. We enter the other life just as we are—fine, upright, generous and noble, or the opposite of all these."

"This calls up the subject of eternal progression, which I suppose you believe."

"There can be no other ground. Think of the millions who never have an opportunity to unfold here. Life would indeed be a farce if their destiny hinged upon this small space of time in which to have their being unfolded to its utmost capacity."

"Edward, you are a philosopher. But tell me, who lives in that small, white cottage I passed before I reached your home?"

"I am glad you noticed it, for the woman who resides there is the most rounded and perfect character I ever knew."

"Indeed! What is her name? How came she to be so symmetrical?"

"Her name is Margaret Maynard. Her symmetry of soul has come from a life of suffering and deep experience. She is the helper and comfort of all."

"Does she come here often?"

"Almost a daily visitor. My wife nearly adores her; my children love her as she deserves to be loved."

"She cannot be young, of course?"

"Not in years. Her age is over forty, her heart fresh as a girl's."

"Has she traveled much?"

"Quite extensively. Her keen perception has helped her to gain an immense amount of information. I never met a person who has lived through such varied experiences."

"I am curious to see her," remarked Mr. Waters.

"You shall at the right time."

"You still believe in the divine moment, as of yore, Ned?"

"I do."

At this point Mabel, a daughter of the host, came to announce tea, and their conversation ended.

Every moment in the home of Edward Vaughn made a deep impression on his visitor.

"What is it I have lost and gained?" he asked of himself that night after he had retired to his room. "My life has been all excitement, his repose. I have been a rover," he said, and then sleep came.

The divine moment came the next evening for meeting the woman he so desired to see. After a pleasant drive, as the family were seated on the piazza, she came with her hands full of roses. It was the month of June, and nature was holding high carnival with buds and blossoms. How like a part of the evening she seemed! She was a person who impressed all alike; a soul to be taken into one's heart and loved.

Mr. Vaughn watched his friend closely as he introduced them. A new look came into his eyes; a light he had never seen there before. It gave him great pleasure, for he felt there was much joy in store for him.

Miss Maynard met him with her charming ease of manner, and held him by her subtle power of—what? magnetism? or pure heart-warmth, that diffuses its glow on all?

Mr. Vaughn adroitly held his family in conversation, leaving them together for a time. Soon the talk flowed in a circle, and all felt a strange uplifting—a sense of the presence of some great power!

When it was time for their guest to leave—

she always knew the right moment—Mr. Waters asked permission to accompany her home, a wish she readily granted.

"Al, is quite drawn to her," remarked Mr. Vaughan to his wife.

"As all others are," she replied.

"Did you ever try to define your relations to her?" he asked his wife.

"To me she is mother, sister, child, friend, and—"

"And what, dear?"

"Almost a god. Is it wrong to feel so?"

"No, indeed! All are gods who are beyond us in experience and power. All that fills and satisfies us is God, for God is all of life that is good."

"You have made it clear to me, as you ever do, my dear one—my helper."

Just then their guest arrived, approaching with a swift, elastic step.

"A most wonderful woman!" he exclaimed, and then was silent for some time. When he spoke he expressed a desire to know something of her history.

"You shall some day when we are taking one of our quiet drives," his host replied.

"That woman has more power to draw you out of yourself and put you into yourself than any one I have seen in all my travels. One feels as though he had known her a lifetime."

"And as though she was your own," added Mr. Vaughan.

"Our own! yes, who are our own?"

"All whom we love and respect; all who help us; all whom we can help."

"You always say the right thing, Ned, and at the right moment."

Then they separated for the night.

Life was growing richer for Alfred Waters. A bachelor of forty, a man of intense love of stirring life, now found his greatest joy in the quiet home of his friend. Here was true domestic life: a home, a companion, children; a man is but a fraction. All this came to him with a new meaning. As if to deepen and intensify it, his eye fell upon an open volume on a table, in which he read the following:

"Marriage is a means of high and holy culture; the fireside, the table and household intercourse call out man's best affections, and endear to his faith and hope the affairs of domestic piety. By means of those affections the profoundest depths of consciousness are opened to his experience; thought finds its highest wonder in love, and every hour that the kind and gentle heart reveals its growing life, there are new ties formed between the soul and the unfolding mysteries of an eternal being. The tender images of wife and children, in their spiritualizing beauty, outline the fellowship, true and fervent, of angelic sympathy. It is only in those sacred moments, bringing their Sabbath pauses to the struggling soul, that the full meaning of home, wife and children is felt in the blood and within the heart."

Did his friend leave the volume open purposely, hoping his attention might be drawn to it? No matter. Life to him was beginning to be more grandly outlined. His horizon was growing broader; his aspirations were being quickened.

"Have I ever lived?" he said to himself, and then sleep claimed him as his own.

"I could live in this calm domestic atmosphere of love forever!" he remarked to his host the following morning.

"Then remain as long as you enjoy it—the longer the better," said Mr. Vaughan.

"And intrude upon your hospitality?"

"Not so: The children are delighted to have you here; my wife enjoys you, the servants are pleased to have a guest; then why not remain, as you have no urgent business to call you away?"

"I will. A great power seems to have come into my life. I will see what God and his host of angels have to say to me."

"It is only in the great pause of a stirring life that they find opportunity to commune with our inner self."

"Now for a close question. Al, do you never intend to marry?"

"I have never given the subject much if any thought; but my views are changing."

"We are but halves, you know."

"Where is my mate?"

"Perhaps near, maybe far; who knows?"

"Who, indeed?"

"My wife has invited some charming young ladies to tea to-night. It may be one of them."

"But, Ned, my friend, what is the reason, after having conversed with your neighbor, Miss Maynard, I feel dissatisfied with all the ladies of my acquaintance? Can you tell me?"

"I can only say she has distanced others so completely, by her large orbit of experience, that you feel the lack in others. Is it not so?"

"Right, always right. But do you think there is no perfect life outside of marriage?"

"I do not. I know many who seem to find all they need in life without it. Miss Maynard is one. Her large maternity has full scope in the children about her. She feels that every one with whom she comes in contact has a claim upon her love and sympathy. She has means, though not in the sense understood by the mass."

"Explain, please."

"Long ago she dedicated herself to the good of humanity. Whenever she needs money to use for them it comes. Her motto is, 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof.' Her trust is perfect, born of large and intense experiences. She never cared for society, except for a few noble and progressive thinkers. She follows her Master more truly than any one I ever met; and now for the outline of her history."

Amid the beauty of that summer morning the story was told:

"Margaret Maynard had the misfortune to lose her mother at the age of five years. Her father was a severe, cold-hearted man, without a vestige of affection. At her birth he was greatly disappointed that the child was not a son. His treatment of her mother hastened her to an early grave. Her father's sister, much like himself in disposition, kept the house. Alas! for the poor child; she pined for love. Her only solace was a noble Newfoundland dog, which her father shot one day in a fit of anger. The poor child wept day after day for her only companion, and was scolded for her tears.

At the age of twelve she was sent to a boarding school. She went from her home, which was not a sanctuary, but only a shelter, to dwell among strangers, but found whither she went a woman of large heart and clear brain, who loved her as she longed to be loved. The years that followed were years of happiness. The affection she craved was found in the heart of Mrs. Deland, who gave lessons in French to the pupils. Each year deepened the attachment on both sides, till Margaret reached her seventeenth birthday.

Mrs. Deland was preparing for a voyage to Europe, when the thought struck her, if I could only have Margaret go with me! She wrote to her father, who gave his consent, and the weeks flew by joyously in their preparation.

Mrs. Deland's only child, and non-irving, was to accompany them. She had watched for some time a growing affection between her son and Margaret, and was well pleased, feeling that no better companion could be found for him. This fact I have from the lips of Mrs. Deland's sister.

They sailed as full of joyous expectations as all are of happiness in store. Alas! when but five days out a heavy gale came, and the steamer was wrecked, literally torn to pieces. Most of the passengers and crew were lost, among them Mrs. Deland and her son, while Margaret was saved, and carried in a life-boat to a ship bound for New York.

Before leaving Mrs. Deland had left her will with an attorney in her native town of C—, where relatives resided, bequeathing several thousands to Margaret, who returned to her home, and then visited the scene of her school days. Alas! for her, the mercenary kin of her lost friend contested the will, and by strategy proclaimed her insane. The period of her incarceration in an asylum I will not dwell upon; you can imagine it all. At the end of three years she was released, but to find herself alone in the world, her father having died, and the aunt, his sister, in possession of the home and property.

Without friends she sought a position as governess, which she obtained and held several years, then she drifted here. She tells me that every evening at twilight she sees the face of her loved and lost, lost to mortal vision. Every good work she espouses, the needed means always come at the desired moment. To her it seems, she says, as though some soul or souls were hovering over her, and giving aid whenever it is required. Is it any wonder she respects and lives by these words, 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof'? Many of her varied experiences I have left untold, but these I have given you form a sufficient basis upon which to estimate her character—and here we are winding our way home."

Mrs. Vaughan met them smiling. The children greeted them as though they had been absent days instead of hours, while the dogs barked in a glad, joyous way, as they always did when their master returned.

Mr. Waters lingered far beyond the time fixed for his departure. He went often to see Miss Maynard. "I have some gems of thought to read to you," she said one summer afternoon.

With the soft winds playing about them, in a voice sweet and finely modulated she read the following from the latest number of *The Century* she had received:

"Lo, whatever is at hand
Is full meet for the demand;
Nature ofttimes giveth best
When she seemeth charest.
She hath shapen shower and sun
To the need of every one—
Summer bland and winter drear,
Dimpled pool and frozen river,
All thou lackest she hath still
Near thy finding and thy fill.
Yield her fullest faith, and she
Will endow thee royally."

Loveless weed and lily fair
She attendeth, here and there—
Ready to do ween as to
The lily lily teared with dew.
Each to her hath use as dear
As the other; an thou clear
Thy eloped senses thou may'st see
Haply all the mystery.
Thou shalt see the lily get
Thy divinest blossom; yet
Shall the weed's tip bloom no less
With the song-bird's gleefulness."

Thou art poor, or art thou rich—
Never lightest matter which:
All the glad gold of the noon,
All the silver of the moon,
She doth lavish on thee, while
Thou withholdest any smile
Of thy gratitude to her,
Thou art a miser.
Shame be on thee an thou seek
Not her pardon, with hot cheek,
And bowed head, and brimming eyes,
At her merciful 'Arise.'"

Her guest was silent for a long time. "How little we know, how little we appreciate," he said. And then a pause came, while the sweet breath of roses filled the air.

"We cannot add to this," remarked Miss Maynard, while with folded hands she gazed on the rich landscape around them. "Oh! for the story of her soul. There is one deeper, grander than I have yet heard," he mentally said. At that moment she turned another leaf and read:

"Each story of a soul is great; but who shall write it, for who knows what makes the greatness? Or who can sift it, and bring out the grain winnowed and clean from the concealing chaff? Who can the dross discover from the gold? Who estimate the little or the great even in one human word? Or who shake out the folded feelings of a human heart? Or who unwind the one hour's ravelled thoughts of one poor mind, even in its idlest day?"

"How strange!" he exclaimed. "Did you read my thought?"

"Seeing your great surprise I must first inquire did you ask for anything?"

"Mentally I did. I asked for, or rather wished the story of your soul."

For an instant she gazed at him, and then said, "I often feel the inner-desires of others. Sometime when I am in the mood I will tell you one chapter of my life; it may help you." He thanked her cordially.

The purple light of evening began to come on, still he lingered. "Tell me," he said, "how a man can best learn his true relation to life, and find his better self?"

"Only as he has interior freedom, and decision that he can be himself; and it is only as he can be himself that he can be anything—anything that is real. It is only in this that a man can have a consciousness of truth that is properly his own; and if he has not this, life must be made up of echoes, doubts, falsehoods and illusions."

"How true!"

"What a man is in his distinctive individuality, that he ought to know first of all, and then he may learn as to what he can do and what he can affirm. Once knowing his individuality and his distinctive faculties, he must be true to them; for it is by this fidelity alone that he is simple, determinate, confident, and honest. It is by such fidelity that he can learn wisely, do effectively, and affirm positively; that like sacred men of old he can say, 'I speak that I do know and testify that I have seen.' These truths I have read somewhere, and repeated so often that they are a part of myself."

"Yet some one has said, 'We cannot be wise with another man's wisdom,' remarked Mr. Waters.

"Which is true," responded Miss Maynard. "It is also true that another man's spirit may not on mine, and it may not through his words. It acts nobly and for my good if it stirs my life, if it prompts me to seek for truth, and if it compels me to utter it. It acts fatally and for my evil if it leads me to assume experience that is not mine; to counterfeited truth which I have not found; and to speak in sounds for which I have no thought. Whatever influences may affect me, or however much I may owe to them, the spirit must be my own, and so must be the words. That, therefore, which we must rate foremost in the culture of a man is his individual experience. Experience is not merely what a man has passed through, or that to which in his course he has been subjected, or that with which he has come in contact. Much of incident, of opportunity, may occur to a man, and leave nothing with him or in him but the vacuum of a forgotten dream. That only is true experience which is brought into vital union with consciousness in the spiritual organism of a man's own being. 'Each ton mot,' says Goethe, 'has cost me a purse of gold.' He has also said, 'The deepest cost of genuine culture is inward.'"

"Please quote more; I am receptive."

"A sculptor lies asleep upon a quarry of marble, and dreams a goodly dream of beauty; but not until he awakes and shapes a piece of the quarry to the dream is his dream of any more purpose to the world than the quarry. And thus are we in this boundless quarry of being, and it is by what each of us personally molds of it to the excellent, the lovely and the true, that we give our contribution to life and make humanity our debtor."

"You have certainly made me your debtor, Miss Maynard," he said as he rose to go. She handed him some flowers as he left.

He arrived at the home of his friend just in time for an evening drive. On their way he had much to tell his friend Vaughan of Miss Maynard's strength of thought and power of expression, facts not new to her old acquaintance.

"I feel," he said, "like a new man. Something has come over me—a something I cannot define."

"Don't try. Our best thoughts we cannot always shape. Just listen to something I read to-day," and Mr. Vaughan produced a slip he had cut from a favorite paper of his, and read:

"I'm not in seeking,
I'm not in endless striving
Thy quest is found.
Be still and listen;
Be still, and drink the quiet
Of all around.
Not for the crying,
Not for the loud beseeching
Will peace draw near;
Rest with hands folded,
Rest with thine eyelids folded,
Lo! peace is here."

"This day has been full of glory to me," said Mr. Waters, as he returned the reins to the hands of his friend. "Life certainly has to me a deeper significance. When we are quiet I have a strange story to relate to you of a very strange man."

"I shall be a most attentive listener," replied Mr. Vaughan; and added, "The last time I saw Miss Maynard she remarked to me that you seemed to hold some magnetic relation, force, or whatever it might be called, to some one she had known in former years; in fact, her lover. She cannot account for it, neither can I, as you have never met him, and only her until quite recently."

"I wish a solution might be given."

"As she has so much interior perception she may yet find it."

They were now at home. As they stood on the piazza voices were heard within singing an evening hymn. How sweetly it blended and harmonized with that summer evening, and the mental state of those two men. "Ah! happy father; happy mother," thought Alfred. Then he said to his friend, "We are but halves, but where is my mate?"

"I am too glad that you have the desire that leads you to ask that question. It is one sign you will find that other half which makes every noble man a better citizen of the world; because complete."

The day and hour came for the story. Mr. Waters and his host went for a walk with the dogs, and while seated in the midst of a pine grove, with all the glory of a summer morning around them, he related the following:

"Five years ago, while in Paris, I met one of the most singular mortals it has ever been my lot to fall in with."

"Man or woman?"

"A man. I should judge near forty years of age, though his hair was almost white. He had been, I was told, in an insane asylum for several years, and seemed to have lost all knowledge of his former life. His powers were wonderful, while his information upon almost every subject was vast and deep. No one ever entered his presence without feeling strongly uplifted. Though he shunned society, he was social and willing to converse, provided the listener was intelligent. I have seen him perform marvelous cures with a few touches of his hand. Though not mingling with the people, he took long walks every pleasant day, and seemed literally to be in the world, but not of the world."

"His name?"

"Linwood, the Mystical, was all the name I ever heard him called by."

Mr. Vaughan sat a long time in deep thought. The hum of insects filled the air; a gentle breeze swept through the trees; birds leaped from bough to bough, the grove was resonant with their melody. Soft green mosses covered the rocks; a rippling brook sang a woodland song; the harmony was perfect. Afar in the meadows cows were grazing. In the distance a mountain towered to the skies, around whose top a purple mist gathered, while at its base flowed a silvery stream of water. All around spoke of the Father's love and care. It was an hour for receptive thought. Something undefined passed into the brain of Mr. Vaughan; it was intangible, seemingly unreal, still a thought.

"Shall we go home?" he asked, in a voice so unlike his own his friend started.

Whistling to the dogs, who in their way had greatly enjoyed the hour and the place, they left the grove and retraced their walk over a pleasant road hedged with wild roses.

The moment Mr. Vaughan reached his home he quickly sought Miss Maynard, and asked her to loan him the likeness of her lost lover—the only one of him in existence. She had just returned from a visit to a sick child, and to him never looked finer than at that moment, when she handed him the velvet case which held the one face in all this world to her. He bade her

a hearty good morning, not stopping to explain, as their relations were founded on perfect confidence in each other.

Arriving home, he betook himself to his friend at once and handed him the picture. Eagerly he scanned his face as he gazed upon it, and not beholding any sign of his recognition of the features it portrayed, asked:

"Does this bear any likeness whatever to the strange man over the sea?"

"Not the least."

"But look again. Look long! A strange thought has taken possession of my brain. He may have been rescued from the sea. His name was Linwood Irving Deland. Study it well. It may be but a fantasy of my brain, but—"

"Stay, Edward. I do see a resemblance in the eyes and forehead, but the face of Linwood the Mystical is strong; this is tender and womanly."

"Keep looking," was all his friend Vaughan said, and went in to find his wife.

"If, oh! if it should be he! But no, Edward, how can it be?"

"Life is full of strange things, my dear. We can hope."

"But—"

"But what, darling?"

"If he should be found, and he have no knowledge of his former life, would it be any comfort to her?"

"Even the ashes of his body would be a consolation to her."

"You are right, Edward. But what steps can be taken to learn to a positive certainty whether it be him or another?"

"I shall go at once with Mr. Waters to Paris, and leave no stone unturned to get at the truth."

"You will go with my blessing, and—"

"I know just what you would say. Miss Maynard will come and stay with you."

"Exactly what I wished. Shall you make known to her your business abroad?"

"No. I shall merely tell her I am suddenly called away on important business. I will write you at the earliest opportunity, and if I find my conjectures true—of which, by the way, I have no doubt—you can inform her of my mission, of what led to it, and the probable result."

"Your faith is simply perfect," answered his wife, who each day learned to love her husband better and better.

As Mr. Vaughan had friends in London, they planned to stop a week in that city before going to Paris. A party of gentlemen were invited to his friend's house one evening in honor of his guests. Among them was a clergyman of wide influence and reputation, who knew the strange man—Linwood the Mystical. In fact he had met him only a few weeks previous, and knew portions of his history, the main points of which were that he had been picked up by a steamer in an unconscious condition and conveyed to an asylum in Liverpool on the arrival of the ship. He had never been able to give any clear account of his previous life except to say his name was Linwood. After being removed from the asylum, he developed strange and abnormal powers, among them the gift of healing to a marvelous degree. The clergyman himself had been greatly benefited by him.

The next step was to go to him, but the problem to solve was how to make him realize his identity, or ought of his past life, if indeed it was the lost Irving of Margaret. How?

Many propositions were suggested, but all, upon close examination, seemed hopeless.

"Let us leave it to the hour," said Mr. Vaughan, whose keen perceptions and intuitions his friend knew were seldom if ever at fault.

The clergyman consented to escort them to his quiet abode in Paris, and the following day they left.

"Saints and angels! Some stranger comes this way—comes to seek me! Is it friend or foe?" said the seemingly old but really young man called The Mystical, as he sat at his door one autumn evening.

Mr. Barton (the clergyman) decided to first see him alone, and prepare the way, leaving his companions at a hotel not far distant.

"Ah, Mon Dieu!" exclaimed The Mystical. "Have I not felt some one coming? Are you alone?"

"Quite, and very glad to be with you."

"No, not alone. Some one was with you or linked to you in a very subtle way. Am I not right?"

"Right, friend; but I have come to see you alone now for a purpose. Try, my friend, and see if you cannot remember something of your childhood, your home, or your mother."

The man put his hand to his brow, and seemed lost in thought.

"Mother—home—childhood!"

"No, no!" he said, "I told you many times I came from the waves. They sung to me; they cradled me; the ocean is my mother—the—the—"

Here he seemed lost. At the advice of his visitor he reclined upon a lounge, and soon passed into a deep sleep, during which the clergyman sent a messenger for his companions. Hour after hour passed, and yet he slumbered. The sleep was calm; the pulse normal; the breathing deep and quiet.

"Something will come of it," said Mr. Barton, "for physicians have told me his great want has ever been a sufficiency of sleep."

They sat silent till the hour of three in the morning, when he awoke, calm and refreshed as a child from a healthy slumber. Mr. Barton introduced his friends. To his surprise he commenced a brilliant conversation with them which lasted over an hour. He seemed to take no notice of the hour, or the fact that those he conversed with were strangers, there without any particular object.

Mr. Vaughan then inquired if he ever knew a young lady by the name of Maynard, Margaret Maynard?

"Certainly I do," he answered, without any trace of excitement. "She is my affianced."

The gentlemen exchanged glances of pleasurable surprise. They almost feared to say another word, but relying on his intuitions, Mr. Vaughan continued his interrogations, till he drew from him all his past, except that of the period passed on the water and in the Asylum.

Linwood was aroused; "I shall go immediately to Margaret," he said, then seemed lost. Again he placed his hand on his brow; into his far-seeing eyes there leaped a light that had been absent for years. He conversed for several hours upon varied and interesting topics, when suddenly he fell back and was silent. To the lookers-on it seemed the silver cord of life had been loosed, its golden bowl broken, and death had ensued. All through the next day and the night which followed they watched at his side, but no signs of life were visible.

"The body must be consigned to the tomb," said the physician.

"Give us three more hours," implored Mr. Vaughan. "What fools!" thought the doctor; but with strong decision and imperatively, Mr. Vaughan reiterated his request.

"Just three hours; not one second more." The doctor acceded to his wish; he left, and the men resumed their silent watch.

To write the sad news of his death seemed now to be the duty of Mr. Vaughan; still he felt loth to do so.

"Wait," said Mr. Barton, and he caught at the words like a drowning man. "There is just a thread of hope," said the former.

Then a tomb-like silence came over them. Still and death-like lay the form before the watchers. Whither had the soul gone? Whither?

[Concluded in our next issue.]

Banner Correspondence.

Oregon.

PORTLAND.—Major C. Newell writes:

"The bright light of Spiritualism is making headway through the dark fog of orthodoxy in this State. Three good societies are at work in this city: Mrs. Wheeler's Meeting in East Portland, Colonel Reed's Progressive Spiritualists in Central Hall and the First Spiritual Society in G. A. R. Hall. Public and private circles are held nearly every night in the week. The First Spiritual Society collects ten cents at the door of all who do not buy monthly tickets. The plan is a good one. People who stay away on that account are those who are always expecting to get something for nothing."

The local press here, as in all other places, is beginning to recognize Spiritualism as a power among men, and to treat it and its adherents with more courtesy than formerly. One of our papers, giving an account of a meeting in G. A. R. Hall, said 'an audience of near four hundred people filled the hall to the limit of its seating capacity.' So far as appearance goes the audience resembled an ordinary church gathering, and young and old were very attentive, and seemingly deeply interested in the proceedings. Mrs. Cornelius gave a number of tests describing departed ones, which appeared to her to be hovering around certain people present. Of ten who were asked if they recognized departed friends in descriptions given, nine answered in the affirmative. Mrs. Brown gave similar tests to those given by Mrs. Cornelius, with about equal success, and gave a remarkable exhibition of independent slate writing. A message was received by a Dr. Taylor, from a departed sister named Ellen, whom he recognized with sob, and whose name, he said, he had never mentioned in the State of Oregon. A committee of skeptics on the platform admitted it was a physical impossibility for Mrs. Brown to have written on the slate. This manifestation brought the meeting to a close, and the audience slowly dispersed, discussing the merits of Spiritualism and the tests presented."

Mrs. Fannie Brown, the lady mentioned above, is making many converts from the best class of people in the city. Her tests are very convincing. Her powers extend to seeing, hearing, and slate-writing between closed slates. Should she visit the Eastern States, the Spiritualists will find her to be a medium they can rely upon. Mediums who contemplate a visit to this coast this summer will do well to write me before coming."

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—A. S. Hayward writes: "I learn from a credible individual that the late Marcus Gilman, of Montpelier, Vt., came to his widow by and through the mediumship of independent slate-writing, in an unmistakable manner, the medium being Mrs. Jennie Lord-Webb. The facts are related as follows: Mrs. Gilman called upon Mrs. Lord-Webb to see if she could hear from her spirit-husband, but the medium did not think the conditions suitable for a seance, and suggested that she come some other time; but while talking about a suitable time Mrs. Webb was influenced, and asked Mrs. Gilman to sit at the table, which she did. The name of her husband, also that of Judge Baldwin, a particular friend of Mr. Gilman, were written on the slate. Mrs. Gilman could not read the communication, her sight being impaired, and Mrs. Webb was nearly blind, therefore they found it difficult to decipher what was written, and while talking Mrs. Webb's vision was opened, and she read the names upon the slate, which was highly satisfactory. As Mrs. Webb did not know Mrs. Gilman, and there were no names written on pellets, I understand. Here is a case where Mrs. Gilman went to a medium who did not know her, and a spirit wrote the names of her husband and an intimate friend of his in spirit-spheres. If it was not the spirit represented, whence came the intelligence? A problem for the Psychological Research Society to solve. Mr. Gilman was well known as a business man in Vermont and Massachusetts, and at one time in Chicago. I had not learned that the man had changed spheres of life when this was narrated to me by the individual in question."

LYNN.—The Secretary of the First Progressive Spiritualist Society writes: "Miss Jennie B. Hagan, lectured for us in Exchange Hall the last two Sundays in February. Sunday, March 3d, Mrs. J. F. Dillingham, the well-known test medium, and her sister, Mrs. Norr Dowd, excellent in character readings, occupied our platform. In the evening Mrs. M. A. Chase, of Swampscott, gave a short address, which was very satisfactory to all, and Dr. Ome of this city, the noted oculist, addressed the audience. Wednesday evening, March 6th, Mrs. Ada Foye, of California, attracted a large audience, and Sunday, March 10th, Eben Cobb, of Boston, addressed us."

Michigan.

GAYLORD.—Mrs. A. M. Hilton writes: "Mrs. Amidon, the test medium, of Richfield Centre, Mich., has just ended a three weeks' visit in Gaylord. During her stay she gave over one hundred sittings. All were satisfactorily received, and made a deep impression on the minds of the people. She is, indeed, a wonderful medium. She reviewed the past events of departed lives with such accuracy as to convince the skeptical of the wonderful power she possesses, and that spirits return. Possessed of a kind loving and unselfish nature, she leaves behind her many friends and not a few converts to Spiritualism."

The parlor lectures given at Mr. O. H. Carpenter's, assisted by the fine inspirational songstress, Minnie Carpenter, drew largely from the congregations of our different churches, her addresses often exceeding in number the attendance of all the churches combined. Mrs. Amidon is considered by all who know her to be the finest test medium in the State of Michigan."

New York.

UTICA.—A correspondent writes: "The Observer gives a pleasant account of the exercises held on the 87th anniversary of the birthday of Mrs. Louis Rexford, at the residence of her mother, Mrs. H. E. Denn, at Adams, Mass. Mrs. Rexford is a remarkable woman, retaining her mental faculties in a wonderful degree. She is a pronounced Spiritualist, and enjoys communing with loved ones gone before—also perusing the BANNER OF LIGHT; and is happy in contemplating the future, with which, as revealed by the Spiritual Philosophy, she feels fully satisfied."

Iowa.

CLAY.—J. Reinhardt writes: "I would like to correspond with parties having a Southern home in view, with the idea of building up a Society of Spiritualists—not to the exclusion of others

☞ We are sorry to be obliged to state that Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain is still very ill at the present time—so much so as to be confined to her bed.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

As THE BANNER opens another volume this week, it is in order to call attention to the fact that this is just the time to subscribe. Friends of the cause everywhere should bear in mind that our work is an extremely arduous as well as expensive one, and we need all the assistance they can vouchsafe us.

Carriage Manufacturer, Babcock, of Amesbury, makes his operatives' call-whistle talk in an unknown tongue, but which the poet Collins defends in the village press. Now we advise Mr. B. to purchase one of Edison's latest inventions, namely, the "Lingua-graph." Instead, his machine talks while the steam-whistle shrieks.

The Rhode Island Legislature has killed the "medical bill" designed to bar out all but "regulars" from practice. This species of monopoly is plainly opposed to public sentiment, and the sooner the "regulars" come to realize it the better, says the Boston Evening Record.

The poet of the Boston Globe must be a lovely swain, as he prunes nothing but love ditties, "original and selected." Here is a specimen copied from last Saturday's edition:

"She pushes back her bonnet brown,
A rustic glance to raise;
Her blue-black locks slipping down
To veil the beautiful gaze.
In kerchief white and russet gown
A dream of the painted town,
Half bold and wholly shy
She lifts her head—her foot she stays
As I go by."

Boston wants fast steamers for commercial purposes, but so built that they can be converted into men-of-war in case of emergency.

The feeling in England on the subject of Parnell's vindication and the collapse of the London Times case is of course very intense. But it is absurd to judge a whole policy, even by so infamous an episode as this. Nevertheless, such is human nature. Beyond all doubt there is an immense reaction in favor of Mr. Parnell.

The notorious J. E. Briggs, whom this paper has repeatedly exposed, and who threatened to "knife" us for so doing, was lately on the Pacific coast. We fully agree with the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* that he should be arrested as a vagrant.

The "Pearl of Pekin" is Messrs. Rice & Dixey's latest operatic success at the Hollis Theatre, this city. There was a full house last Monday evening, the occasion being the annual benefit of the Dugger's Manager, Mr. Charles J. Rich. His friends were present in force, and it was only Mr. Rich's well-known modesty which prevented them from insisting that he should appear before the curtain and address the audience. The foyer was decorated with flowers and evergreens in honor of the occasion, and altogether it was a night for the beneficiary to remember with pleasure. The "Pearl" will hold the boards at the Hollis for the present.

The fall of the Bastille in France was the sunrise of modern constitutional liberty. The fall of old Newgate may be history's announcement of home rule for Ireland.

It is astonishing to see how easily the voluble magician, Kellar, by fabulous stories about himself and the Davenport Brothers in Australia years ago, can gull the New York and other daily presses, and thus get himself thoroughly advertised gratuitously!

A busy doctor in Scranton, Penn., sent in a certificate of death to the health officer, and inadvertently placed his name in the space for "cause of death." This is what might be called accidental exactness.

With conscience clear
One has no fear.

We are in receipt of a couple of cabinet photographs of Dr. Dumont C. Dake and wife, of New York City, for which they have our thanks. The doctor is an excellent healer, and is deserving of public patronage.

MEANING OF THE VERB "TO DOCTOR."—An M. D. being out shooting one whole morning without killing anything, his servant begged leave to go over into the next field, for he was sure there were some birds there; and, "and," adds the man, "if there are, I'll doctor them." "Doctor them," says the master, "what do you mean by that?" "Why, kill them, sir."

There has been quite a stir in Waltham, Mass., recently, over the refusal of a Catholic priest to have a funeral take place in his church because the undertaker is a Protestant.

THE HERALD'S PREDICTIONS.—The indications for Boston and vicinity to-day are cloudy weather, probably with light snow, brisk westerly winds with but slight changes in temperature. Essentially the same conditions will obtain in all New England, with the temperature slightly lower in the Northeast.—*Boston Sunday Herald*, March 10th.

The Herald's "predictions" turned out to be bogus, as Sunday last was a beautiful, sunny day. Stop guessing the weather hereafter. If you don't, with any better success than above, some people will think you give a false estimate of your circulation.

A GOSPEL CROWD.—The pious *Utica Herald* notes that biblical names abound in the new administration, to wit: Benjamin, Levi, Elijah, Jeremiah, James and John. We hope the bearers of these names will not all of them, at least—turn out to be "God-in-the-Constitution" bigots.

A great many people have got rich out of city haul.

A "NEW VOLUME" PARAGRAPH.—We sent out a lot of letters to our subscribers last week, plainly hinting that we wanted something. After carefully perusing this item, dear friends, can you not guess what that something is? If so please renew your subscriptions, and thereby deeply oblige us.

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your splendid medicine."

"If helped you, did it?" asked the M. D. very much pleased.

"How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?"

"Oh! I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I'm his sole heir."

That highly cultured and pretentious newspaper, the Boston Evening Transcript, the organ of Boston teatibles, is decidedly opposed to the prohibition amendment.

Why are railroad cars over bridges like highwaymen? Because they go through 'em! (6 mos.)

Dr. and Mrs. Rogers, who are both excellent mediums, have given up their public sittings, in consequence, they say, of the gross slanders uttered against them by professed Spiritualists. As to the genuineness of their mediumship, we do not hesitate to endorse it in full, as we have had unmistakable evidence to prove the fact.

Ann Thow Pology is getting kiked: She has been putting on too many airs of late.

Rev. Philip H. Moxom, in the Music Hall, this city, last Sunday, began his speech by asking all those who habitually attended church to hold up their hands. About one-half the hands went up. He then asked how many believed the New Testament to be the most valuable guide to a life of morality, when about one-half the hands went up again. In answer to the question, How many believed that every sect should be equal before the law? all hands went up!

It surely cannot be that any law which puts a premium on hypocrisy and deceit, tempts large numbers of men to become habitual law-breakers, and encourages the growth of so many of the meanest of human vices—lying, spying, treachery, and the bearing of false witness—is an educational force in the right direction.

The Forty-First Anniversary.

A Grand Union Celebration of the Forty-First Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism.

There will be a grand Union Celebration of the Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism in PARNELL MEMORIAL HALL, Boston, Mass., Sunday morning, afternoon and evening, March 11th, 1899.

The exercises will commence at 10:30 A. M. and 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. sharp.

Two of America's most noted mediums, Mrs. Ada Foye, the wonderful ballist test, writing, hearing and seeing medium, and Joseph D. Stiles, the celebrated "neighborhood" medium, will take part.

John W. Day will furnish an original poem. Miss Lucette Webster, Boston's favorite elocutionist, will give readings.

Dr. H. B. Storer, Dr. A. H. Richardson, Eben Cobb, John Wetherby, Thomas Downing, James R. Cooke, J. B. Hatch, Mrs. A. E. King, Mrs. Mary Thompson and others, will make short speeches.

The Irving Quartette in favorite selections. James R. Cooke will give inspirational music. Willis Mil- ligan accompanist.

E. HALL, For the Committee.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society.

Grand Anniversary Celebration and Reception, March 11th, at 1031 WASHINGTON STREET. The best speakers and test mediums have been obtained for the day and evening.

Speakers, mediums and the public are invited to this "feast of reason and flow of soul." Music furnished by Prof. Fisher. Catering by the Society.

Services at 10:30 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Admission to each session, ten cents.

Mrs. LINCOLN, Sec'y.

Willimantic, Ct.

The Forty-First Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated in Willimantic at Excelsior Hall, on Saturday and Sunday, March 10th and 11th, 1899. This Association-Convention embraces the State of Connecticut, having been held the past two years in Hartford. It is desirable that all the friends will assist us by their presence, making this one of the most successful conventions ever held in the State.

Programme: Saturday, March 10th, 10:30 A. M., business meeting; choice of officers. At 2 P. M., address by Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Boston Highlands, followed by a public test séance by Edgar W. Emerson, Manchester, N. H. At 7 P. M., a short address by Mr. Emerson, followed by another test séance.

Sunday, 11th, at 10 A. M., a general conference, with five and ten minute speeches. At 12 M., Children's Lyceum Exercises. At 2 P. M., the Occasional Address by Prof. Peck, of Boston. At 7 P. M., Address by Prof. W. F. Peck.

Communion tickets will be supplied if granted on the New England Road.

Trains leave Willimantic every evening, including Sundays, at 6:15 via Middletown, for New York; 8:27 via Hartford and Waterbury, for New York.

G. W. BURNHAM, Pres.

J. C. ROBINSON, Sec'y.

Alliance, O.

The Spiritualists of Alliance will hold Anniversary services at the Independent Church, Sunday, March 11th, at 10:30 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Frank T. Ripley, of Boston, will speak at morning services; Conference at 2:30 P. M., at which all are invited to speak; Mr. Ripley will deliver the address at 7:30 P. M., and give tests at the close.

The observance of Anniversary day will conclude with a ball at the People's Theatre on Monday evening, April 1st.

All the friends in surrounding towns are invited to encourage us with their presence.

Per Order of Committee.

Worcester, Mass.

The Forty-First Anniversary will be duly observed March 11th, at Continental Hall, by combined and varied exercises, in which the Lyceum, choir, musicians, lecturer—J. Frank Baxter—and other speakers will participate.

Newburyport, Mass.

Services will be held by the Spiritualist Society here on Sunday, March 11th, and Monday, April 1st; Dr. F. H. Roscoe, of Providence, being the speaker on the first date, and Mrs. Ada Foye, of San Francisco, officiating on the second. F. H. F.

J. J. Morse in Cleveland, O.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer of March 4th notices at some length the address given the evening previous in Memorial Hall, by J. J. Morse, upon "One Hundred Years of the People's Rule, and its Lesson to the World." It was one of special interest to Americans. He expounded the nation very highly, and claimed that the United States had been largely aided by the spirits of great thinkers. On topics which are much discussed of late, he said:

"Some people say, 'It would be better if the United States had some religion, then it would be a Christian nation.' Well, look at Spain. It is a Christian country, and you want to become such a country as Spain? You will find other Christian countries, and you will find them all the same. If you still want to make this a Christian country, you are traitors to all that Washington and your other heroes fought and bled for. Being a progressive nation, you will keep the smallest size of a god out of your Constitution. You may worship any god you wish; that is not the question, but you are simply a citizen of the United States."

You have the foundation of the greatest educational system in the world, and whoever tries to make the free public school religious is an enemy of the Republic. Make the school what it is—a source of education, but not a church."

Hon. Sidney Dean

Of Warren, R. I., will speak next Sunday at 2:30 P. M., in Berkeley Hall, Berkeley street, before the Independent Club. Subject:

"FROM METHODISM TO SPIRITUALISM."

Mr. Dean's position as a clergyman and editor makes him a lecturer whose words are well worth listening to; withal he is a very eloquent speaker. An idea of the sterling value of his discourses may be gained from a perusal of the one which will be found reported verbatim on our first page.

THE THIRDSORT FOR FEBRUARY gives for its opening article lengthy extracts from one of interest by Madame Blavatsky in *Zwei*, in which she considers the question, "Is Denunciation a Duty?" with remarks upon it by R. H. Following this, some account is given of Colonel Olcott's departure on the 10th of January for Japan, whither he goes at the invitation of the Buddhist community. "Sanskrit," says the opening lines of the next paper, "the most perfect language in the world, possesses the most perfect phonetic system conceived by human ingenuity," and the writer proceeds to interestingly explain and illustrate it at some length. Of the remaining contents the most notable are, "Modern Magic," "Karma, Heaven, Hell, and Rebirth," and "Theosophy and Spiritualism." Madras, India. For sale by Colby & Kitch, 9 Bosworth street, Boston.

A special telegram to the daily papers announces the development of a young lady sixteen years of age, Miss Annie Editham, 1223 North Carey street, Baltimore, Md., into "a wonderful spiritual medium." Though the phase of mediumship is not new it is accounted as such by the writer, who says: "The most remarkable thing about her trances is that in each one she assumes the features of her grandmother, who died ten years ago. Just as soon as she enters a trance her rosy cheeks are replaced by a pined and haggard appearance, and her voice changes to that of an old woman. While in this condition she converses freely with those about her. Her strength is something wonderful. In the presence of a reporter she successfully resisted the united efforts of three strong men to pull her out of a chair."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate, useful in all forms of Dyspepsia.

Straight to the Point.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Having verified beyond a possibility of doubt the following cure by a well-known practitioner, I send the account to you for publication. It should be made to tell in favor of magnetic healing and against the proposed monopoly for old-school practice.

Mr. Daniel E. Kingsbury and his family, consisting of himself, wife and son 22 years of age, residing at 35 Chestnut street, Chelsea, Mass., are the parties specially interested in this. The son came home, sick and wanted a certain doctor—the regular family physician—but an acquaintance, a friend of his, who he then thought, and still thinks, is a competent, well-disposed gentleman, of more than ordinary professional capacity, the father after due consideration, consented, and the doctor came and took charge of the case. The father, having lost children before, and this son being his only child, he felt the responsibility, requested the doctor to be careful, and if he was unable about the case he did not fully comprehend to consult the best physicians that could be found. It was agreed so to do. Not satisfied, and being, perhaps, over-anxious, the father called upon Dr. W. G. Whitehead, a well-known physician from Chelsea, and asked him to come and see if all was right. The old doctor said that he would like to do so, but could not: it would not be professional until he was asked so to do by the doctor having the case in charge.

The son grew worse; a council of physicians was held, and the conclusion arrived at was that it was a hopeless case; the son must die; he might be dying then, he could not possibly live more than a few hours, probably only a few minutes. The father, in the meantime, was advised to try Mrs. M. A. Becker, a healer who resides at No. 2 Parker street, Chelsea. It was the last resort. She came; said it was a critical case; possibly might be too late to be of any service, but would try to do so. He had been under her care for some time, and he was well, and able to attend to business, saved from an untimely grave by an uneducated healer, an old Spiritualist who has preached Spiritualism and practiced the same for thirty years. The cure was effected on the 25th of last December. For the further verification of this statement, or detail of the facts involved, I refer to the following well-known citizens: Rev. Mr. Jefferson, pastor of the Church of the Holy Trinity, 100 Chestnut street; Dr. Thomas Sampson, of Chestnut street; H. K. Freeman, 108 Chestnut street; Mr. George H. Willey, 105 Walnut street, Chelsea. Boston, March, 1899. JACOB EDSON.

First Spiritualist Fraternity.

Corner of Exeter and Neibury streets, Boston.

The objects of this Society are: (1.) To furnish satisfactory evidence of man's continued existence after death by means of mediumship, the successful exercise of which depends largely upon conditions of appreciation and encouragement, and proper material surroundings. (2.) To maintain a public platform, upon which all questions relative to the physical, mental and spiritual needs of the race may be fully and freely presented by both mortals and spirits. (3.) To conduct a Sunday school for children, wherein they may be made acquainted with the facts of Spiritualism, and learn how to discharge intelligently the duties which life imposes upon them. (4.) To furnish entertainment, encouragement and instruction, by friendly interchange of thought, for all who choose to assemble at the Wednesday evening Societies. (5.) To establish and maintain an organization, each member of which shall obligate himself to a life of integrity by carefully observing all known physical, mental and spiritual laws; assisting others, to the best of his ability, to an understanding and application of the same, etc.

In order to fully carry out these beneficent objects active cooperation, financially and otherwise, is solicited. Therefore, those who may feel an interest in the glorious work of promulgating the philosophy and ethics of Modern Spiritualism are cordially requested to correspond with Mr. M. S. Ayer, 189 State street, Boston, Mass.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8th, 1899.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—I had been expecting you to come to the Inauguration, and provided accordingly; and while we would have been greatly pleased to have taken you by the hand, you lost nothing by not coming, as the weather was about as bad as could be pouring down rain all day yesterday. There never was such a crowd in the city before. The demonstrations were made in the rain, grand and glorious; but the patriots must have all got wet on the outside and probably not a few ditto on the inside. No bones, however, were broken. The Inauguration Day should be set later in the season, and not come off more than every six years instead of four.

I remain yours, as ever, JOHN EDWARDS.

PROGRESSIVE ASSEMBLY.—The results of the severe fire of April last having entirely disappeared, the extensive and elegant factories replacing those destroyed (occupied or about to be occupied) will be thrown open for a grand spring opening March 19th, continuing throughout the week, under the auspices of the Board of Trade. In this opening every factory will participate. At this time all the latest styles will be displayed, and the large variety in quality and quantity of production will be arranged for the inspection of those who may accept a cordial invitation to attend.

Springfield, Mass.—We have formed a new organization to be known as The First Spiritualist Society of Springfield. It has received its charter, and the Society officers are: C. I. Leonard, President; T. M. Holcomb, Vice President; J. P. Smith, Secretary. The first annual meeting occurs Wednesday, March 20th, when all interested persons are invited to take part. The most important matter coming before the meeting will be the erection of the new chapel; the site upon which it is to be located will then be decided. We have long felt the want of a place of our own, and we are glad to have one. We have had Miss Emma J. Nickerson with us as regular speaker for some time, and she is to remain with us during the month of April and May. She is doing a noble work among us, and we are glad to have her in our city. It is mainly through her indefatigable efforts that so much has been accomplished to further the building of a chapel.

On Sunday last the afternoon and evening services were attended, and the discourse by Mrs. Nickerson's guides were filled with wisdom and truth. We predict in the near future that this lady will be acknowledged as one of the most able and foremost in the ranks of our public inspirational speakers. Much interest is manifested in the work of the Ladies' Aid Society, of which Miss Nickerson is an honorary member. The weekly meetings are largely attended by the gentlemen as well as the ladies. After the supper the evening's entertainment is enjoyed with music, speaking, and recitations of poems or selections by Mrs. Emma E. Hammond, who is the main were satisfactory.

Topoka, Kan.—The Religio-Harmonical Society was addressed Sunday evening, March 2d, by Will C. Hodge, at Music Hall. His theme was "The Spiritual World: what is it, where is it, and what is the nature of our employment there?" He said the spiritual world was the real world, for without the spirit there could be nothing material. As to where it is, he said as there was no material world without the spirit, the latter was here all around us, within us and a part of us, and that our employments there were akin to those in this world. If the spirit, while in the body, was humanitarily, it was not a spirit, and it followed that the same thoughts and aspirations, leaving the body as before. He also said that no person lived who did not have spirits surrounding to direct. Like, he said, attracted like.—There were numerous readings by Mrs. Emma E. Hammond, which the main were satisfactory.

St. Augustine, Fla.—A. E. Tisdale is meeting with excellent success in this city, lecturing Sundays at 3 and 7 P. M., and doing good work through all the intervening time. Jacksonville, in this State, is just now subject to an excitement occasioned by the sudden development of a young lady as a medium for phenomena, and she has been taken up with a startling wonderment, and are mystified at the cause thereof, but which they would quickly learn, if, as says a writer in the Press of March 2d, they would get rid of their bigotry and ignorance which they, like most people possess, and investigate Spiritualism; they will then discover that the young lady is a spirit-medium, and the phenomena that so surprise and bewilder them are produced by spirits to make known their presence and attract public attention to the subject.

St. Louis, Mo.—We were called at Cat's Hall, on Sunday 3d inst., by Frank C. Algerton, of Chicago, known as the boy medium. It was his first visit here: he was liked as well in the afternoon that our hall was crowded to an overflow in the evening, and many went away who could not get in.

MARK DENNETT.

[Mr. Algerton was engaged for Sunday (10th) and a larger hall obtained to accommodate the people.]

"There's something behind this," said the man as he was kicked down the front steps.—*The Cartoon*.

The Lost Atlantis.

For many centuries there has been a tradition of a long lost island called Atlantis. The Greek geographers located it in the Atlantic Ocean, west of the northwest part of Africa and the Pillars of Hercules. The sea-kings of Atlantis are said to have invaded Europe, Asia and Africa, and to have been defeated by the Athenians.

All legends agree that it was a vast island, of inexhaustible resources, and inhabited by a race of superior people. For ages this island has existed only in legendary lore. But now, when the light of modern research is turned full upon the investigation, behold the lost Atlantis at our very doors.

So the bigoted medical fraternity goes groping about in the dark, seeking for an Atlantis or Esculapian, when if they would investigate they would behold the lost Atlantis at their very door. With their ancient text-book case of physis, a paper in their waistcoat giving them license to practice, experiment and dose with their injurious drugs, cauterize and perform unnecessary acts, with no person or laws to hold them accountable, they continue their bigoted, unjustified practice, staring into vacancy, and imagining that they see in themselves an Esculapian.

Trapped in ancient bigotry, they are crying out against all improvements that have been made in medical science. They denounce any new idea advanced by a layman or an opposition school as a fraud.

Why? Because humanity will, not be benefited? Not at all, but because their specialism did not make the discovery.

Yet they concede that there is no remedy known to their materia medica that will cure an advanced stage of kidney and liver diseases arising therefrom—although many of them grow from crowning proof that Warner's Safe Cure will—but unscrupulously treat symptoms and call them a disease, when in reality they know they are but symptoms.

A few of the more honest physicians admit that Warner's Safe Cure is a valuable remedy, and a great blessing to mankind, but say, in so many words, when asked why they do not prescribe it, that they cannot, according to their code.

Nevertheless, the world is fast becoming satisfied that the cure for kidney and liver diseases, in whatever form or condition, has been discovered, and there is no doubt but what Warner's Safe Cure and its fame will live long after such bigotry as we have instanced is dead and buried.

The late eminent physician and writer, Dr. J. G. Holland, published in *Scribner's Monthly*, and showed his opinion of such bigotry, and no doctor was satisfied with it. He said, "I believe, possibly, he discovered in a proprietary medicine, when he wrote editorially as follows: "Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day were more successful than many of the physicians, and most of them, it should be remembered, were first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing the value of the old school, and believing that they would gladly, if they could, stop the revolution of the earth. Some time since a "mind-cure" practitioner lost a patient with pneumonia in Buffalo, and the daily papers of the State were duly notified by the Associated Press of the purpose of having a coroner's inquest. This is an old trick for discrediting irregulars. I know nothing of the merits of the particular case, but the old-school persecutors may as well walk lightly. Pneumonia is known to be the opprobrium of their practice. They lose pneumonia patients notoriously, forty, fifty, and even sixty per cent. Experiment has shown that persons afflicted with pneumonia, and having no medical treatment whatever, except care, have a far greater chance to recover than those who are "regularly" treated.

The general purpose in regard to the medical legends is to go in through, when possible, without its becoming known. The very day light is dangerous to the abettors; they prefer, like moles, to work in the dark and by surreptitious means. A. W. Newark, N. J.

Letter from a Veteran.

THE BANNER gives gratifying news of the fight now being waged with the medical crusaders against scientific and personal liberty and in favor of despotism. I must say that I read Mr. G. M. Stearns' Argument before the Massachusetts Legislative Committee with delight. It could not be answered. I wish that our friends in Pennsylvania had a supply of the paper, as there is a measure before the Legislature of that State conceived in the same despotic temper which lies at the bottom of all these proscriptive statutes—and the fight is a hard one.

Even now medical practice in that State is virtually in the hands of the medical colleges, and they exercise the power intolerantly. Erie County in New York seems to grow the narrowest bits of the old school. I believe that they would gladly, if they could, stop the revolution of the earth. Some time since a "mind-cure" practitioner lost a patient with pneumonia in Buffalo, and the daily papers of the State were duly notified by the Associated Press of the purpose of having a coroner's inquest. This is an old trick for discrediting irregulars. I know nothing of the merits of the particular case, but the old-school persecutors may as well walk lightly. Pneumonia is known to be the opprobrium of their practice. They lose pneumonia patients notoriously, forty, fifty, and even sixty per cent. Experiment has shown that persons afflicted with pneumonia, and having no medical treatment whatever, except care, have a far greater chance to recover than those who are "regularly" treated.

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More "Doctors" Plotting" in New York.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The following paragraph recently appeared in THE BANNER:

"We are informed that the New York doctors sent their lawyer to Albany recently with a more stringent 'protective' bill in view; but after a survey of the field retired for a season."

On Sunday afternoon, March 3d, I exhibited it to one of our regular M. D.s. He, supposing that I agreed with his side of the question, made this assertion, that with one month and an assemblyman from our own District (and he gave me the member's name) would introduce a bill that would shut out all healers of any kind, name or style whatever who had no diploma from a regular college.

I hope that such an outrage will never be foisted upon a free people.

Yours for liberty, J. W. DENNIS.

Buffalo, N. Y. M. C. Leslie, 64 South Division street, Buffalo, writes: "The 'regulars' here are about to introduce a bill at Albany, through Representative Andrus of this city, similar to the one brought forward in your State. The bill will be met in committee by Thomas C. Leslie, Mr. Dennis, Dr. Parker, Dr. Matheson, and a number of other prominent Spiritualists of Buffalo, with a remonstrance fifty feet long."

Tribute to Mrs. Foye.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: At a regular meeting of the Directors of the Spiritualistic Phenomena Association, held in Lyceum Hall, Boston, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association be given Mrs. Ada Foye, of San Francisco, for the earnest manner in which she has presented the truths of Spiritualism to our people from this platform; more especially for the literary and musical entertainment and the science which she so kindly rendered the Association on the evening of Feb. 28th. May the blessing of God and the angel-world follow her all along the journey of life—ending in a glorious fruition in that and where "tests" are not needed to assure us of the reality of spirit communion. F. A. A. HEATH, Ass't Sec'y.

Albany, N. Y.—Our Society has indeed been favored by a number of most excellent speakers and mediums during the present season, and the results have been to very apparent. In fact, Spiritualism has never been so popular in Albany as at the present time.

We have organized a Children's Lyceum with the assistance of Mr. W. F. Peck, with a membership of between forty and fifty, and a prosperous future is in store for it.

Our platform is most ably filled by Mrs. Ida P. A. Wetherby, who is given out a great deal of food and thought in forcible and logical lectures. She also is very pleasant and agreeable, and is gaining many friends among our people.

Dr. Chas. Buffum is expected for April; Mrs. Carrie Tisdale, of New York; and Mrs. A. L. Lake will close the season with the month of June. With many good wishes for the good BANNER OF LIGHT, I am, J. W. CHISS, Jr., Sec'y.

King Otto of Bavaria has been attacked by a curious malady, his hair having turned white in a single night, while his physical power has entirely left him.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

(Notices under this heading must reach this office by Monday's mail to insure insertion the same week.)

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Longley will lecture at Green- wich, Mass., Sunday, March 17th; at Portsmouth, N. H., March 21st; and at Greenfield, Mass., March 21st. Dr. J. K. Halley spoke at Hamilton, N. Y., Jan. 30th, and at Keokuk, Ia., a re-organization, Sunday, Feb. 12. Since then he has been quite ill. He hopes, however, to be able to respond to calls for lecturing by the first of April. Address him, P. O. Box 123, Scranton, Penn.

Bliss A. Deas speaks in New York City the Sunday of March; and in Newburyport, Mass., the first two Sundays of April; would like engagements for the last two. Address for March, 230 West 34th street, New York City.

Message Department.

FREE SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

These highly interesting meetings, to which the public is cordially invited, are held at the Hall of the Banner of Light Establishment,

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS,

AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.

The Hall (which is used exclusively for these meetings) will be open at 7 o'clock; the services commence at 8 o'clock precisely.

Mrs. M. T. SHELLHAMER-LONGLEY will occupy the platform on Tuesday afternoons for the purpose of allowing her spirit guides to answer questions that may be propounded by inquirers on the medium plane, having to do with the human life in its departments of thought or labor. Questions can be forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the chairman, who will present them to the presiding spirit for consideration.

Mrs. B. F. SMITH, the excellent test medium, will on Friday afternoons under the influence of her guides give devoted individuals an opportunity to receive words of love to their earthly friends—words which are reported at considerable expense and published each week in THE BANNER.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether for good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere to an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a state of undeveloped condition, and are called to receive no doctrine or truth by spirits in these columns that does not come from their own reason. All expressions of much of truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest desire that those who receive the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing us of the fact for publication.

Natural forces and elements are gratefully appreciated by our angel visitors, therefore we solicit donations of such from the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is their place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department of THE BANNER must not be sent to the Editor, but to the Editor.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. M. T. Shellhamer-Longley.

Report of Public Séance held Jan. 1st, 1889.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh thou Supreme Spirit, we address thee with love, joy and thanksgiving in our hearts. We are grateful for the passing seasons, for the such of such days and seasons as we have, and for the work accomplished as will make up the account of our lives. We are grateful, and thank thee that the years are ours, and for the events which make up our experience, and bear us onward over the highways of progress until we learn and understand more of thy laws. Oh our Father God, may we feel our deep obligations unto thee; may we breathe inspirations from beyond that will quicken our souls, stir our hearts, and make us more mindful of the presence of thy power in us to become. May we, Oh Father, with the new year that dawns upon us, come into a greater and deeper understanding of life, and our relationship to thee and to humanity. May we understand, and take it vitally into our hearts, that the brother and sister, members of one great family, and that it should be our pride and pleasure, our duty and our privilege, to extend unto each of thy great family our fraternal sympathy and love, our tender greeting and care, so that we may help each other, which will bind us together and make each heart responsive to the other in tender acts, noble thoughts and deeds. Oh our Father, may we indeed do that which will help to hasten the day when love, and peace, and joy shall be the earth will be prevalent, and there will be no war, no discord anywhere, but only that bright joy which springeth from hearts laden with love for each other. Amen.

Susie Nickerson White.

I feel so harmonious, so full of love and sympathy and kindly greeting for my friends on earth to-day, it seems as if a ripple of joy flooded my heart and went forth toward those whom I love.

Mr. Chairman, I am invited to speak, because when on earth I was a worker in the spiritual vineyard, and exercised my mediumship for communication between the two worlds.

It has been said, not long since, in private, that I have lost my interest in earthly friends and in mortal life, and also in the cause of Spiritualism, because I have not often communicated in public ways. I frequently come, bringing my influence and such impressions as I can give to those whom I can approach. I wish to be understood by every friend that I have not lost any interest which I ever held; on the contrary, all those interests have deepened, have grown and expanded with my spiritual growth, for there is more harmony in my soul to-day than when I passed from the suffering body—a greater sense of the fitness of things, of the adaptation of means to ends, and of the various parts of life's drama—that I more fully realize what existence and what destiny mean to the human mind and soul.

It is with peace that I come this afternoon, sending out my magnetism as far as possible to those whom I admire and love. I wish to say that I am not now affected by the changes of earth—those which come into your material lives—except as I may rejoice with you when you are in joy and be sad in sympathy with the sorrow that comes to you. I can now see more clearly, and realize that the golden age is above all the clouds, and may in time send its light and warmth down to those who shiver beneath the darkness, because it will penetrate all shadows and reach the heart.

I do not come with any special mission to earth, nor to speak any word, except such as presses upon me, in the conviction that Spiritualism is advancing, step by step, and making its way over every portion of the earth. I have seen something of its clouds and its storms, but do not now feel any more sorrow, for I have been assured by them. They are necessary, so I am taught by higher spirits. They will bring only endurance and strength to the movement and its advocates, and the cause is slowly but surely stepping onward, year after year, making its power and its energy felt, and bringing glad immortal tidings to all the world.

So far as mediumship is concerned, I do not see but that it is increasing in power and doing its faithful work. We have had hundreds of mediums whom the spirit-world can use for the demonstration of its truth; they are in private as well as in public, and it seems to me that we on both sides of life should not only take courage to press on, but feel that the work is a heaven-appointed one, which must and will be accomplished. If some of its workers and advocates fall by the way; if some are unwise and unfaithful, and step aside from the path of labor or of duty, it matters not; it may be of sorrow and loss to them, and suffer all their places will be filled. I can see, even though I was taken from the body, others have come forward to furnish avenues of communication, and the spirit-world stops not, even though it loses some of its instrumentalities, since it has power to raise up others, and to perform its work.

I send my New Year's greeting and love to all my friends, and wish them to think always that I am much with them, for I feel that I would have been had I staid longer on earth; for I have learned many lessons and gained some experiences needful to my spirit since I passed from the body. Susie Nickerson White.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—You may now present your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—[By R. G. D.] We are informed "that only a knowledge of electrical forces and the laws of existence will enable spirits to perceive their own innate powers, and thereby be able to travel or transport themselves by an effort of will." Now why should the absence of this specific knowledge prevent others from traveling in this manner who have the required innate power?

Ans.—Because one possessing hidden powers and qualities of mind or energy must needs understand how to exercise those qualities and energies in order to make them useful to himself and to the world; therefore it may be necessary for a spirit possessing large innate powers to be given wisdom, and to be able to understand something of the electrical laws of the universe in order to know how to exercise those powers for useful ends. As one gains in knowledge he quickens in understanding, his soul expands in perception, and so may he be able to realize just what are his hidden possibilities and how far he may develop and bring them forth. He who has large will-force and a capacity for vigorous execution may be able, perhaps, to transport himself from his body, but he cannot by the exertion of his will if he concentrates his thought upon the object in view.

Nevertheless if such a spirit possesses a knowledge of the electrical currents, whether they tend, and how they may operate against his passage, he will be able to move more thoroughly to assimilate the forces of his own being with those of the atmosphere, and can proceed more clearly and carefully than perhaps he could do without that knowledge.

We must remember the true but true saying that "knowledge is power." This holds good in every department of life. The man who gains information, who investigates and studies, who seeks to know himself and the universe, will certainly come to understand the scope, bent and tendency of his own innate force and ability, and will therefore learn how to execute, to exercise his judgment and his energy for the very best results.

Q.—[By C. A. Whitaker.] If the spiritual body is composed of something, what is the reason that the presence of the spiritual body cannot be perceived by our senses?

A.—The spiritual body is composed of something, and that something is substance made up of various elements, gases and atoms, not perceptible to your mundane senses; but that are forces and elements and substances in the atmosphere all around you, which you cannot perceive by your physical sight, nor handle by your sense of physical touch; yet science declares and can demonstrate, has done so satisfactorily in many instances through the operations of the law of chemistry, that such substances do exist in the atmosphere, and that they are of weight and of great use in the life of the planet and of humanity. The spirit body, we affirm, is something; it is substance composed of elements and gases and atoms, imperceptible so far as your physical touch and sight are concerned, but not imperceptible, not impalpable to the spirit who dwells within that body of which we speak. Thought itself is substance, sending forth ideas of a tangible character; thus these emanations may be conserved and aggregated together, helping to form that which is a body, substantial though not material so far as your senses are concerned.

In the spiritual realm there are lands and there are places of abode, as well as human beings who fill those places and who traverse those lands, all of which lands and abodes for human beings are tangible, real, substantial things. The great law of continuity extends forever onward, and life, which is in operation on this planet, does not necessarily cease to exist because its physical manifestations have ceased. In the context of the law, that physical manifestation has ceased, that same mode of life may pass onward, exerting its power more forcibly than it did through the external object which you have known and seen. Life and humanity continue ever on, and as it seems to be necessary, at least so far as our sphere of observation and experience goes, for man to have a form through which to express his energy, his mentality, his affectional nature, and indeed, all his wonderful intellectuality and power, he has been well provided with an omnipotent, supreme spirit, that man should have a body which would not only correspond to that human likeness which you see on earth, but which would be well adapted to the ends and purposes of existence in the human; therefore the spiritual body—this form of which spirits speak when they return to you—is their own; it is one possessing parts made up of atoms, giving forth emanations and characteristics of its own, and serving as a vehicle of expression, manifesting the force of the individual mind, the great intellectual and spiritual nature which manifests it, which is in reality the man, or the soul itself.

It may be hard for mortals to comprehend how it is possible for a spirit to stand beside them in the form and likeness of a man, possessing members and parts, and yet be unseen by their physical sight; but nevertheless it is so. Could you understand of the wonders of the universe, even such as may be as tangible as the things of this world, that exist as tangible living and perhaps sentient forms, beings and substances in the atmosphere of the universe, and yet which are unseen and unhandled by the natural sight and touch, unless aided through some such wonderful apparatus as the microscope, you would cease to marvel that a spirit can exist and walk among you, and in form and feature be seen by clairvoyant sight, yet not to be understood or recognized by your physical because more crude senses.

Q.—Did individuality ever have a beginning? If so, will it not have an end?

A.—We presume that whatever has had a beginning, it is the very remote past, must at some time, if in the very dim, far-off future, have an end. Such seems to have been the law of existence, so far as our knowledge can go: all forms and objects which have come into life have yielded it up, as far as the form and object were concerned; yet we are taught on earth by science, and in the spirit-world by spiritual law, that in reality nothing is lost, nothing can be swallowed up and obliterated; that the life, the essence, the power, the things remain forever, although the life-essence and power may change their form of manifestation time and again, in order to accomplish greater results and more far-reaching work.

We do not know that individuality ever had a beginning; we have no way of learning this so far as our spiritual progress has gone. We believe that individuality has always existed, because it is, to our mind, a part of the great, individuality of life itself, or a part of the Great Supreme Spirit, and therefore it could have had no beginning, and can possibly have no end.

These are questions that finite minds have to grapple with, and yet such as it is very hard to comprehend, because the finite mind has to reach out to the infinite to learn and to question, and it is impossible for the fallible mind of growing humanity at the present time to take up and understand all that belongs to these important subjects. Nevertheless, so far as we can at present learn, it seems to us that individuality has always existed, that it is co-existent with the eternal, and that every life that is sentient and active, every entity in human form that has manifested itself on this planet or any other, must have sprung from the great individualized and eternal soul, which we call God.

And then you will say: "In that case, you look upon God as a personality?" No; not in the likeness, having the form, parts and passions of a human being. We look upon God as the great, eternal, omnipotent, omniscient, and all-wise, who dwells in power and intelligence are manifested throughout the universe, and must be comprised in the great, supreme, eternal spirit. And if this be so, then must it be mind, spirit, power. Then individuality is to us something more even than personal identity, something more than the one human being as separated from another; it is the great principle of vital life itself, which animates matter, and, to our thinking, cannot be swallowed up and obliterated. This individuality has always existed. This individuality manifests itself through various human beings, in characteristics and tendencies which stamp one as independent of and apart from another, because it is all-powerful in its scope, because it is the living spirit, and therefore can vary itself through infinite ways and manifold phases.

We believe, so far as we know anything about the process of spirits or human beings, that we advance through grade after grade of spiritual unfoldment, sphere after sphere of experience, our individual powers, our inherent tendencies and abilities expand more fully, blossom out more richly, increase in power, so that in place of becoming less individualized we become more so—more ourselves, less like unto others—until by-and-by each one may attain to such a height of self-improvement and unfoldment as will make him a star shining in the firmament of light and truth, and a power, one that will glow with light and truth. It is impossible for us to explain through mortal language all the ideas that come to us in regard to such a subject as this, because your speech has limitations, and the mortal mind cannot take up these things as they are seen by spirits apart from the earth; but suffice it that, as we press forward, our minds expand, and we can take up new ideas and studies, which will only stimulate to greater growth and investigation, and in the end, in our amazement at the great sea of knowledge opening before us, yet find the impetus, the

strength to press on, and learn all that is possible to attain.

Q.—[By Ray.] Through the franks of Nature do two spirits ever so gently as to dwell in the same body through life? And if so, does it change the temperament of such an individual? Will two spirits so united separate before so-called death?

A.—We have never seen two spirits united as we should judge your correspondent indicated in one body; and yet we have seen two spirits making use of the same body to gain what experience was possible to them in contact with earth. We have seen the birth of a mortal, and one might judge that the little body was possessed only of single spirit, and yet so have perceived another human spirit so closely attached, magnetically speaking, to the first, and to the infantile form, as to be unable to loosen it hold upon them, and thus the two spirits have come into contact with mortality to gain experience and pass under its discipline.

Your correspondent wishes to know, if such is the case, does the contact cease at death? And we reply: In a measure, yes; but two such spirits will be closely knit and power to exert their individual capacities for their own progress and learning. The spirit bodies, however, will perhaps not only serve as modes of manifestation to indwelling mentalities, but they will be attracted back into contact with earth, to gather up emanations and magnetic qualities from those whom they can assimilate with on the earth, through mediumistic organizations and friendly spirits, which will assist them in coming to a more complete growth than might be had if they first manifested themselves in the spirit-world. These spirits may have been deprived in a measure of a certain discipline and experience which they might have possessed had each held a separate body and passed under a different mode of life. If this be so, there will be given to them opportunities undeniably to receive that which they have missed and to provide for themselves those things which they will require in their upward march over the way of eternal life.

Q.—[By a Subscriber, Utica, N. Y.] In a gathering for materialization, is it essential that there should be a large number of persons present, or might the phenomenon occur when there were but one or two beside the medium?

A.—It is not necessary always that a number should be present in a materializing circle, or in a séance of any kind for the manifestation of spirit presence. Numbers do not in every instance make up that degree of power which is essential for such manifestation. Quality is very often, in every department of life and labor, of more account and importance than is quantity, and therefore if there be but one or two persons, or even four, and among them are present those who give forth fine magnetic emanations, and who are in harmony with the medium and with the spirit operators, the results of the sitting may prove to be more than satisfactory, because under such conditions the spirit attendants of the circle will be able to conserve their forces, to make the most of all means and ways which are open to them for manifestation; they will be able to utilize every emanation from their medium and from the others, and thus, by the power of their own will, to produce a far grander demonstration of their presence and of their power over material things and elements than they possibly could do in a larger and more mixed assembly. Sometimes it may be necessary to have a large number of persons present, because perhaps there could not be drawn a sufficiency of power to serve the purpose of the spirit-world; but we have seen many times that where a few earnest and honest in their investigations, who were strong in physical health, clean in mentality and spiritual aspiration, there has been furnished the greatest degree of power and the finest opportunity for manifesting, more so, indeed, than when the conditions were otherwise.

Q.—[By L. K.] Would an ordinary electric battery, used by a sensitive person moderately, and at stated intervals, if practiced long enough, have a tendency toward a foundation for mediumship?

A.—Such might be the case, but only experimentation would prove this to be so. We can conceive of certain temperaments or organizations becoming stimulated and active through the operation of the electrical battery, to such a degree as to enable those spirits who attend them to make themselves manifest, after a certain time, but in ordinary cases the use of the galvanic battery or any electrical machine would be of but little service to the spirit-world, because such use generally sets the atoms, particles, elements and organs into vital operation; and this is the essential thing, for the spirit-world in its operations upon mediumship requires these to be inactive and subservient to its will; therefore, it could only be now and then that mediumship could be stimulated or developed through the agency of an electrical machine, or battery of any kind, save that which is formed by human beings of positive and negative temperaments, coming in contact together and sitting quietly, with the purpose and desire of receiving manifestations from the spiritual world.

Q.—[By the same.] Are the musical instruments in the spirit-world exact counterparts of those we have on earth, and played upon by note?

A.—There are musical instruments in the spirit-world that, if materialized into objective life on earth, might present an appearance to you similar to some of those instruments which you now employ in evoking musical sounds, but there are in the spirit-world such instruments for evoking music as you have not perhaps learned of on earth, and yet from an impression of imagination, or through some other means, which has come to mortals when in a sensitive condition, have been born or brought forth the musical instruments that you now possess. It would be impossible for us to describe to you these instruments of which we speak, as there is nothing on earth which corresponds to them; yet they have their range of notes; the octave is employed in their construction, and the ascending and descending scale. We believe the time is coming when your own musical instruments are to be highly perfected, far in advance of what they are at the present day, and as they now appear to you. You probably never will while on earth be able to receive a full understanding of those instruments which are employed in the higher fields and worlds of spirit-life by those of a musical character.

Q.—[By C. A. Whitaker.] Why do messages only come from the spiritual side? Is the spiritual body an evolution from the material body?

A.—We should say it is, since the mortal body is constantly sending out emanations and auras which are employed in the construction of the spirit body. But you will say: "In such a case the physical must be first, and the spirit is an outgrowth of the material. Matter, then, is essential to the birth of the spirit." And we reply, by no means. Spirit has always existed, but spirit, like all material things, is constantly changing its mode of manifestation, and the spirit body which is employed by the individual in soul or mental life, after passing from contact with earth, is largely composed of elements made up from the life-experience, growth and

development of not only the physical body but of the spirit while in contact with that material form; therefore in one sense the spiritual is an evolution from the material, born out of it, so to speak; raised from it, yet in advance of it, and superior to it.

"Why do messages come only from the spiritual?" your correspondent asks. Because it is only from the spiritual that you seek communication. You are versed in knowledge, and should be concerning this mortal plane, concerning the mental life of man on earth. Undoubtedly by-and-by you will have so far advanced in learning as to understand how to communicate with each other, even at a distance, without the aid of such appliances as art or mechanics would afford you. It will be so, perhaps, that you can transmit thought from mind to mind, and though one friend should be at the pole and another in an opposite end of the globe, a line of thought may flow from one, mind to the other, be received, understood and answered intelligently. However, at this present time the world is dealing largely with that which lies beyond; it desires to know of immortality to learn the whereabouts of its friends, whether they have gone after laying off the robes of mortal life, what is their condition and occupation, what their homes and how they travel. All these questions and a hundred others are rising in your mind, and every day, and you wish to understand to what point you will travel when also called to lay down the physical form. Communication has been established between the two worlds; spirits who have departed this life, so far as the mortal form is concerned, are making themselves known to their friends on earth, giving advice, encouragement and instruction concerning the things of immortality, as well as those of this life, and it seems to be a wise provision, not only in nature, but by the Supreme Spirit, that this communication has been established, that you may learn that there is another world, if you wish to do so, evolved from this life or else grown out of it; life and spirit have ever existed, the spiritual world has always had its own place and purpose, and spirit-forms have always been growing, unfolding and manifesting their presence to you as best they can; yet you have never learned the future possibilities of the spirit, and the capacities of spirit-life are, what a wonderful world it is to which you are all tending, and which you shall reach by-and-by.

Q.—[From the audience.] Will magnetic treatment cure a partial paralysis of the nerve of the eye?

A.—We should judge that magnetic treatment, properly and skillfully applied, would undoubtedly stimulate the action of the optic nerve, and bring forth good results. It would be necessary, however, to have the healer or operator in perfect harmony with the patient, and to treat the patient in the magnetic force, especially those which belong to the physical nature, were assimilated with the organism of the patient, that a complete equilibrium might be established between them. In such case the magnetic elements would flow forth from the organism of the healer, and be imparted to that of the patient, stimulating the optic nerve, and bringing to it those elements in which it was deficient at the time of its partial paralysis. There is nothing so good, in our opinion, for the treatment of the paralyzed, especially when the nerve-centers are affected, as fine magnetic healing. Sometimes the application also of electricity will bring forth beneficial results, because by this means a stimulus may be brought to bear upon the nerve-centers which may be required; but even this, we think, would be best imparted through a magnetic healer, taken first by himself, and passing through his hands or form to that of the patient, rather than applied directly to the sufferer.

Q.—[From the audience.] Is the soul generated with the body, or does it have a pre-existence?

A.—The soul, to our mind, is entirely distinct from the spirit body. The spirit body, we claim, is to a large extent evolved from the physical body; that is, as the child comes into earth-life, passes through the processes of growth, of mental and physical development, the spirit body begins to form itself, is being built up constantly, even as is the physical form of the child. You see a child expanding into youth and growing on to manhood; at the same time, the spirit body that accompanies it is never satisfied with the fine emanations which are being cast off through the processes of development, which are essentially of a spiritual character, having nothing to do with those effete and useless elements or emanations with which the physical body has finished, which of themselves are passing off into the physical atmosphere. Very well; the spirit body, then, is in a measure evolved or an outgrowth from the physical, although it gains a great deal from the spiritual atmosphere that it never gains from the physical body. But the soul is to our mind, the life-principle, the animating power, the intelligence, so to speak, that we can hardly define by mortal speech, yet which we can grasp in thought as the outgrowth or a part of the Infinite itself, which is indestructible and can have no end. This life-principle, this vital spark of intelligence, of individuality, is not an outgrowth of the physical; it existed before the physical, and will exist long after all the elements of the mortal body have passed away. It gives itself new forms and powers of manifestation. This individuality, this life-principle, this vital spark of intelligence, to our mind makes up the entire mentality and spirituality of mankind; it is this, also, which animates and governs the spirit body, which expresses itself in energy, in mentality through that body, and manifests itself as a loving, living human being. It knows no end, so far as we understand anything about it, and it could have had no beginning, for it is the essence of the Infinite, and came forth from the great Over-soul, the Great Supreme Intelligence, to animate the personal entity known as a man or a woman.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. B. F. Smith.

Report of Public Séance held Feb. 1st, 1889.

Simon Traflet.

Good afternoon, mortals. I feel like speaking here to you to-day, and I know there are many loved ones that will be anxious to hear from me. I can look now upon your faces, but before I passed away the beauties of earth were closed out from me. Oh! how many times have I heard others speak of the beautiful things of this life, while I was debarré from looking upon them.

I often hear one say: "I cannot hear of late as readily as I did in younger days." Dear friend, all the senses will give back to you again in the new form; you shall hear and see and feel, and you shall identify each one of the loved ones that have crossed before.

I wish to say to my dear children, my grandchildren, that I know they possess a great deal of mediumistic power. My dear child, I see clearly now how much the angels come to you, and give through you to mortals.

I am satisfied with the home that I have in spirit-life, yet through the laws of attraction I come back to earth, to speak of the beauties of spirit-life, and to tell you I can see them all. Oh! how good they were to me before I passed away. Sometimes would they say to me: "Grandfather, what can I do for you?" and so kindly were those words spoken. I was known as a track-master on the Eastern Railroad, and I know I am not forgotten by many in the old offices in Dover, N. H.; and different ones of the connection I may have spoken.

I have been here before; at the last meeting I was asked to speak; but a spirit being here who was over-anxious to send out a few words, I gave way. To-day I am thankful, Mr. Chairman, for this opportunity.

Also to you here in the mortal, my prayer is, God speed you all, and I ask his blessing upon all good work. Go on; but I know the people must give out the love and harmony as they come in, and I can't know you will be in spirit-life dwell in the mortal there must be something more, to help pay expenses.

Seventy-nine years were given me in this life, and I looked back it seemed long to me, but now I like to think that all eternity is before me, and no more changes. My dear wife and myself have taken much comfort in feeling we continued with the loved ones who had gone before, and I will say here of spirit return, I did know it. I was more than a belief. I am in the faith; I was not ashamed to own it; and I am not going to say here that it gave me no assurance that I would meet the loved ones.

Father, mother, sister, brother, all wait to clasp the hands of those that are permitted to stay awhile longer; old neighbors come, and the hand-shaking that we enjoy so much in mortal life is only a shadow comparatively with what we enjoy spiritually. I say: Thank the Great Giver of all good gifts that there is a channel provided for us that we may commune with you of earth-life.

I am Simon Traflet, of Dover, N. H.

George Sanborn.

Although the gentleman who last stepped upon the platform was much older than myself, I knew of him in mortal life, and heard many people speak of him as being deprived of his eyesight.

Many times do I hear spirits say, "I have been here before." We fall many times in the attempt to speak.

As I entered spirit-life, oh! how wonderfully strange everything seemed to me. I heard a voice calling to me, and I went. I looked around, I saw a dear old uncle that I knew well in the mortal, and as the thought penetrated my spirit, "They are here to meet me," I was not afraid of the change. Still, many mortals I would much rather have staid awhile longer on earth. As I looked on the right and on the left, old friends and neighbors and relatives came around me. I could scarcely understand, really, that I had made the change, it seemed so much like mortal life, only more beautiful, more pure.

I am very glad to be able to give out a few words, for I will acknowledge here there are some connected with us of the relatives who will not even look at THE BANNER, but through some kind friend it will come to their ears that George has spoken.

I often step into the meetings, but not always expecting to find any one who knows me there. We go partly for our own benefit, the same as if we were still on earth.

But a short time ago, when there was a little trouble connected with the Society there in our own place, when we knew they needed so much of the influence from the spirit side, trying in every way to make the band stronger, did we come more readily to give out influence. Harmony is of great service to us as we come into our surroundings.

I shall be remembered in Cincinnati. George Sanborn.

Joseph Schneider.

Oh! how wonderfully strange it is to me, as I step upon this platform, to think I can contact a spirit yet dwelling in the flesh. I must acknowledge this, that I am not capable to say, but I cannot say it all this time.

While dwelling in mortal life I looked wisely, as I thought, to this world's goods, but I let alone the interest of the spirit. I felt, many times, perhaps there was nothing beyond this life.

When I reentered earth-life and heard them talking, I spoke as loud as possible, and tried to make them know I had not gone—that I was alive. Then I touched them, but they paid no attention whatever to me. "Oh! I said, 'why is it, if they are alive, that they do not know I am touching them?' I said to a person that stood near me: 'I am here; Joseph is here.' Still they paid no attention. Then I said: 'I have met Henry T. Blow.' They heeded me not. Then I said: 'His son John is here.' They took no notice of me. I wondered in my own soul if I would ever make mortals know I was not a dead man. You must know, dear mortals, it has been a period of suffering to me. But once since I passed out, I have been able to make my friends know I am a live man. A little time since a gentleman kindly took me, by the hand and said: 'Come with me to a place where they will print what you say, and it may reach some of your family.' For that reason I am here to speak for myself. How grateful I am, Mr. Chairman, that you have open doors here in this hall. It is not very large, but you have many more invisible than visible ones.

As I said, I did not take much interest in what you call the future beyond this life. But what good does wealth do me now? Not any. When I look and see what I might have learned, I feel regret that my mind has been so entirely occupied with what is of the earth earthy. All the comfort my wealth gives me to-day is what it will do for those I have left; but I do think it is better we should learn something of the country we are going to. Only one thing is sure with you, and that is the change. No suffering to me, I know that, but I could not think there was anything after the breath went out. Oh! how different I feel myself; more than I could in the mortal.

I do think this will reach some of my loving friends—yes, and some of the neighbors that knew me very well. I hope, also, it will reach H. E., and that will be enough to give. They will know who I mean. Some of the family also will be glad to know I have found the change different from what I thought and more beautiful than I can express to you. I shall be recognized, I am sure, by some of my friends to St. Louis, Mo. Joseph Schneider, to you, Mr. Chairman, I do not know how I can repay you. I will ask the angels to bless you, which is the best I can do.

Miss Lizzie Temple.

I was a member of the Ladies' Aid Society, Mr. Chairman, and I know I am not forgotten; it seems not long to me, since the angel of life came and beckoned me up higher. I hold an interest there yet, in the First Spiritualist Association of this city, and I hope some one will be glad to hear from me from time to time, and I will ask the angels to come and be with them, that there may be harmony; that words may be spoken at every meeting which may help some mortal to learn of the beautiful beyond.

At the time they called me home dear mother felt she could not part with me. Often the thought welled up in her soul, "Lizzie, why did they take you from me?" It was kind in the dear friends to give her sympathy, but they could not fill the vacant place, for the one and another comes to join the group in spirit-life; we extend the hand of welcome, and will lead you to our beautiful home.

While I am speaking here I see one and another spirit walking down the aisle, stepping beside a friend in the audience, and placing a hand upon the forehead, saying: "Look up; we are here; we cannot speak audibly, but we speak to your spirit as it reaches out to us."

I know they wish to ask if I am as much interested in the society as I was in mortal life. More so, dear friends. You know I was not strong, but I was willing to give of what God had given me, a mite here and there, and I hold a strong feeling for each one engaged in the good work. Go on; there is much for you to do yet.

Grandma Temple is with me. My name is Miss Lizzie Temple.

Henry Lawrence.

I only take on this feeling as I come in contact with the earth through the laws of attraction, they said. Now let me just tell you I was not alone; it was only, as I might say, like a passing thought. I know the question has been asked many times, "Do you think he suffered long?" No, no; I merely got the sensation in coming here of the water.

I have much that I wish to say, and that I wish the dear friends to know. Mary is here, too, and she desires to be remembered.

I know, Mr. Chairman, that your paper will reach my friends, and that this institution was started, and I know we in spirit-life appreciate it more than mortals can do. I often look at mortals in this room, who are earnestly watching for loved ones to come, when really their spirit friends are right beside them.

I stepped into one of the meetings in New York, and I found so much inharmonious that I left them pretty quickly. When you bring in harmony you have fewer spirits with you.

